LOVE IN MANY MASKS:

AS ALTERED BY

J. P. KEMBLE,

FROM

MRS. *BEHN*'S ROVER,

AND FIRST ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY LANE,

MARCH 8th, 1790.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY W. CORBET,

FOR P. WOGAN, AND P. BYRNE.

M,DCC,XC.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DON ANTONIO	MR. BARRIMORE.
DON PEDRO	MR. R. PALMER.
BELVILLE	MR. WROUGHTON.
WILLMORE	MR. KEMBLE.
FREDERICK	MR. WHITFIELD.
BLUNT	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
STEPHANO	MR. SUETT.
PHILIPPO	MR. BENSON.
SANCHO	MR. PHILLIMORE.
BISKEY	MR. WEBB.
SEBASTIAN	MR. LYONS.
OFFICER	MR. MADDOCKS.
SOLDIER	MR. ALFRED.
ANTONIO'S PAGE	MASTER GREIGSON.
HELENA'S PAGE	MASTER GRIMALDI.
BLUNT'S BOY	MISS GAWDRY.
TAYLOR	MR. FAIRBROTHER.

WOMEN.

FLORINDA	MRS. POWELL.
HELENA	MRS. JORDAN.
VALERIA	MRS. KEMBLE.
ANGELICA	MRS. WARD.
MORETTA	MRS. HEDGES.
CALLIS	MRS. BOOTH.
LUCETTA	MISS TIDSWELL.
FLOWER GIRL	MISS BARNES.

Soldiers, Masqueraders.

SCENE, NAPLES, *in Carnival Time.*

LOVE IN MANY MASKS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter FLORINDA *and* HELENA.

Flor. WHAT an impertinent thing is a young girl bred in a nunnery! How full of queſtions! Prithee no more, Helena; I have told thee more than thou underſtand'ſt already.

Hel. The more's my grief; I would fain know as much as you, which makes me ſo inquiſitive: nor is't enough I know you're a lover, unleſs you tell me too whom 'tis you ſigh for.

Flor. When you're a lover, I'll think you fit for a ſecret of that nature.

Hel. 'Tis true, I never was a lover yet—but I begin to have a ſhrewd gueſs what 'tis to be ſo, and fancy it very pretty to ſigh, and ſing, and bluſh, and dream, and wiſh, and long to ſee the man; and when I do,

look pale and tremble; juſt as you did, when my brother brought home the fine Engliſh Colonel to ſee you—what do you call him—Don Belville.

Flor. Fie! Helena.

Hel. That bluſh betrays you——I am ſure 'tis ſo—or is it Don Antonio, the Viceroy's ſon?—or perhaps the rich old Don Vincentio, whom my father deſigns you for a huſband?—why do you bluſh again?

Flor. I bluſh with indignation; and how near ſoever my father thinks I am to marrying that hated object, I ſhall let him ſee, I underſtand better what's due to my beauty, birth, and ſoul, than to obey thoſe unjuſt commands.

Hel. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear diſobedience. I love miſchief as ſtrangely, as moſt of our ſex do, who are come to love nothing elſe;—but tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that Engliſhman?——for I vow, next to loving him myſelf, 'twill pleaſe me moſt that you do ſo, he is ſo handſome.

Flor. Helena, a maid, deſigned for a nun, ought not to be ſo curious in a diſcourſe of love.

Hel. And doſt thou think that ever I'll be a nun?—or at leaſt till I am ſo old, I'm fit for nothing elſe?—Faith, no, ſiſter;——and that which makes me long to know whether you love Belville is, becauſe I hope he has ſome mad companion or other, that will ſpoil my devotion; nay, I am reſolved to provide myſelf this Carnival, if there be e'er a handſome fellow of my humour above ground, though I aſk firſt.

Flor. Prithee, be not ſo wild.

Hel. Now you have provided yourſelf of a man, you take no care of poor me——prithee, tell me, what doſt thou ſee about me that is unfit for love?——have I not a world of youth—a humour gay—a beauty paſſable—a tolerable ſhape—and ſenſe enough to know how all theſe ought to be employed to the beſt advantage?—yes, I have; and will therefore ruin your

hopes

hopes of the two-hundred thouſand crowns my uncle left me, by vowing that I never will be a nun. Come, tell me how you came acquainted with this Belville; for I perceive you knew him before he came to Naples.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the ſiege of Pampeluna; when the town was ranſacked, he nobly treated my brother and myſelf, preſerving us from all inſolences; and I muſt own (beſides great obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my heart, and will ſuffer no other to enter.——But ſee my brother.

Enter DON PEDRO, STEPHANO *with a maſquing habit, and* CALLIS.

Ped. Good morrow, ſiſter.——Pray, when ſaw you your lover, Don Vincentio?

Flor. I know not, Sir——Callis, when was he here? for I conſider it ſo little, I know not when it was.

Ped. I have a command from my father here to tell you, you ought not to deſpiſe him, a man of ſo vaſt a fortune, and ſuch a paſſion for you—Stephano, my things.

[*Puts on his maſquing habit. Exit* Stephano.

Flor. A paſſion for me! 'tis more than e'er I ſaw, or he had a deſire ſhould be known—I hate Vincentio; and would not have a man, ſo dear to me as my brother, follow the ill cuſtoms of our country, and make a ſlave of his ſiſter——and, Sir, my father's will I am ſure you may divert.

Ped. I know not how dear I am to you; I wiſh only to be ranked in your eſteem equal with the Engliſh Colonel Belville—why do you frown and bluſh? is there any guilt belongs to his name?

Flor. I'll not deny I value Belville; when I was expos'd to ſuch dangers as the licence of common ſoldiers threatened, when rage and conqueſt flew through the

city——then Belville, this criminal for my ſake, threw himſelf into all dangers to ſave my honour; and will you not allow him my eſteem?

Ped. Yes, pay him what you will in honour——but you muſt conſider Don Vincentio's fortune, and the jointure he'll make you.

Flor. Let him conſider my youth and fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his age and jointure.

Ped. 'Tis true, he's not ſo young and fine a gentleman as that Belville,——but what jewels will that Cavalier preſent you with? thoſe of his eyes and heart?

Hel. And are not thoſe better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?

Ped. Why how now! has your nunnery-breeding taught you to underſtand the value of hearts and eyes?

Hel. Better than to believe Vincentio's deſerve value from any woman.

Ped. Very fine!——Go—up to your devotions, you are not deſigned for the converſation of lovers.

Hel. Nor ſaints, yet a while, I hope—— [*Aſide.* Is't not enough you make a nun of me, but you muſt caſt my ſiſter away too? expoſing her to a worſe confinement than a convent.

Ped. For all your pertneſs, ſhe is as like to marry him as ſhe was before. You have conſidered, ſiſter, that Belville has no fortune to bring you, baniſhed his country, deſpiſed at home, and pitied abroad.

Hel. What then? the Vice-Roy's ſon is better than that old Sir Fifty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! He thinks he's trading to Gambo ſtill, and would barter himſelf for your youth and fortune.

Ped. Callis take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent ſhe ſhall begin her everlaſting penance in a monaſtry.

Hel. I care not; I had rather be a nun, than be obliged to marry as you would have me, if I were deſigned for't.

Ped

Ped. Do not fear the bleſſing of that choice—you ſhall be a nun.

Hel. Shall I ſo! you may chance to be miſtaken in my way of devotion—a nun! yes, I am like to make a fine nun! I have an excellent humour for a grate!—No, I'll have a ſaint of my own to pray to ſhortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Callis, make it your buſineſs to watch this wild cat. As for you, Florinda, I've only tried you all this while, and urged my father's will; but mine is, that you would love Antonio, he is brave and young—this abſence of my father will give us an opportunity to free you from Vincentio by marrying here, which you muſt do to-morrow.

Flor. To-morrow!

Ped. To-morrow, or 'twill be too late—'tis not my friendſhip to Antonio which makes me urge this, but love to thee, and hatred to Vincentio—therefore reſolve upon to-morrow.

Flor. Sir, I ſhall ſtrive to do as ſhall become your ſiſter.

Ped. I'll both believe and truſt you—Adieu.

[*Exit* Ped.

Hel. As becomes his ſiſter!—that is, to be as reſolv'd your way, as he is his—But hark you, Callis, you will not be ſo cruel to lock me up indeed, will you?

Cal. I muſt obey the commands I have—beſides, do you conſider what a life you are going to lead?

Hel. Yes, Callis, that of a nun; and till then I'll be indebted a world of prayers to you, if you'll let me now ſee, what I never did, the diverſions of a Carnival.

Cal. What! go in maſquerade? 'twill be a fine farewel to the world I take it—Pray what would you do there?

Hel. That which all the world does, as I am told, be as mad as the reſt, and take all innocent freedoms—

Siſter, you'll go too, will you not? come, prithee be not ſad.—We'll outwit twenty brothers, if you'll be rul'd by me—come, put off this dull humour with your clothes, and aſſume one as gay, and as fantaſtic, as the dreſs my couſin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

Cal. I have a youthful longing to go myſelf. [*Aſide.* ——Madam, if I thought your brother might not know it, and I might wait on you; for, by my troth, I'll not truſt young girls alone.

Flor. Thou ſee'ſt my brother's gone already, and thou ſhalt attend and watch us.

Enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Madam, the habits are come, and your couſin Valeria is dreſt, and ſtays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well. [*Exit Stephano.* I'll write a note, and if I chance to ſee Belville, and want an opportunity to ſpeak to him, that ſhall let him know what I've reſolved in favour of him.

Hel. Come, let's in and dreſs us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter BELVILLE, FREDERICK *and* BLUNT.

Fred. Why, what the devil ails the Colonel? In a time when all the world is gay, to look like mere Lent thus! Had'ſt thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I ſhould have ſworn ſome ſuch judgment had befall'n thee.

Bel. No, I have made no new amours ſince I came to Naples.

Fred. You have left none behind you in Paris?

Bel. Neither.

Fred.

Fred. I cannot divine the cauſe then, unleſs the old cauſe, the want of money.

Blunt. Another old cauſe, the want of a wench.—Would not that revive you?

Bel. You are miſtaken, Ned.

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou'rt paſt cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou haſt renew'd thy acquaintance with the lady, that coſt thee ſo many ſighs at the ſiege of Pampeluna—what do you call her—her brother's a noble Spaniard—nephew to the late general—Florinda—ay Florinda—whom on my conſcience thou loveſt in ſpite too, becauſe thou ſeeſt little or no poſſibility of gaining her.

Bel. Thou art miſtaken; I have intereſt enough in that lovely girl's heart to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the ſeverity of a brother, who perceiving my happineſs—

Fred. Has civilly forbade thee the houſe?

Bel. 'Tis ſo, to make way for a powerful rival, the viceroy's ſon, who has the advantage of me in being a man of fortune, a Spaniard, and her brother's friend, which gives him liberty to make his court, whilſt I have recourſe only to letters, and diſtant looks from her window, which are as ſoft and kind,

"As thoſe which heaven ſends down on penitents."

Blunt. Heyday! 'Sheartlikins, ſimile! by this light the man is quite ſpoiled.—Frederick, what the devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concerned for a wench?——'Sheartlikins, our Cupids are like the cooks of the camp, they can roaſt or boil a woman, but they have none of theſe tricks to ſet 'em off, no fine cookery to make the ſauce pleaſant and the ſtomach ſharp. Who is this?

Enter WILLMORE.

Will. Ha! dear Belville? noble Colonel!

Bel. Willmore! welcome aſhore——what happy wind

wind blew us this good fortune?

Will. Let me ſalute my dear Frederick, and then command me.—How is't honeſt lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old compliment, infinitely the better to ſee my dear mad Willmore again.——Prithee, why cam'ſt thou aſhore?

Will. I muſt aboard again within a day or two, and my buſineſs aſhore now is only to enjoy myſelf a little this Carnival.

Bel. Pray know our new friend, Sir; he's but baſhful, a raw traveller; but honeſt, ſtout, and one of us.

Will. That you eſteem him gives him an intereſt here.

Blunt. Your ſervant, Sir.

Will. But well,——Faith, I'm glad to meet you again in a warm climate, where the kind Sun has ſtill its Godlike power over the wine and women——love and mirth are my buſineſs in Naples, and, if I miſtake not the place, here's an excellent market for chapmen of my humour.

Bel. See, here be thoſe kind merchants of love you look for.

Enter ſeveral men and women in maſquing habits, ſome of the women have papers pinned on their breaſts, and baſkets of flowers in their hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here?

Fred. Now the game begins.

Will. Fine, pretty, creatures!——May a ſtranger have leave to look and love?——What's here?——"Roſes for every month." [*Reads the paper.*

Blunt. Roſes for every month! what means that?

Bel. They are, or would have you think they are, courtizans, who, here in Naples, are to be hired by the month.

Will. But, my dear——Pray where do theſe roſes grow? I would fain plant ſome of 'em in a bed of mine.

Women.

Women. Beware ſuch roſes, Sir. [*Exeunt Maſkers.*

Will. Nay, nay, you ſhall not leave me ſo.

Bel. By no means uſe violence here.

Will. Juſt as I was going to be downright in love, to have her led off?

Fred. No friend to love, like a long voyage at ſea.

Blunt. Except a nunnery, Frederick.

Will. Death! But will they not be kind? quickly be kind? thou knoweſt I am no tame ſigher, I——

Bel. But ſee, another crew.

Enter FLORINDA, HELENA, *and* VALERIA, *dreſt like gipſies*; CALLIS *and* LUCETTA, *in dominos.*

Hel. Siſter, there's your Engliſhman, and with him handſome proper fellow——I'll to him, and inſtead of telling him his fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipſies, on my life!——Dear, pretty, and I hope young, Devil, will you tell an amorous ſtranger what luck he's like to have?

Hel. Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, leſt I pick your pocket, which will more vex your Engliſh humour, than an Italian fortune will pleaſe you.

Will. How the devil cam'ſt thou to know my country and my humour?

Hel. The firſt I gueſs by a certain forward impudence, which does not diſpleaſe me at this time; and the loſs of your money will vex you, becauſe I hope you have but very little to loſe.

Will. Egad, child, thou art i'th' right, it is ſo little, I dare not offer it thee for a kindneſs——but cannot you divine, that I have ſomething of more value about me, I would more willingly part with.

Hel. Your heart, your fooliſh heart, you mean, an inconſtant Engliſh heart, as little worth ſtealing as your purſe.

Wil. Nay, then thou doſt deal with the devil, that's certain:——thou haſt gueſt as right, as if thou hadſt been

been one of the number it has languiſhed for—I find you'll be better acquainted with it, nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from ſea, child; and Venus not being propitious to me in her own element, I have a world of love in ſtore—Would you would be good natured, and take ſome of it off my hands!

Hel. Why—I could be inclined that way—but for a fooliſh vow I am going to make—to die a maid.

Will. Then thou art loſt without redemption, and, as I am a good chriſtian, I ought in charity to divert ſo wicked a deſign—therefore, prithee, dear creature, let me know quickly when and where I ſhall begin to ſet a helping hand to ſo good a work.

Hel. If you ſhould prevail with my tender heart, as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving eyes,—

Will. Do you like 'em?

Hel.—There will be difficulty in it, that you'll hardly undergo for my ſake.

Will. Faith, child, I have been bred in dangers; let it be any thing, but a long ſiege, and I'll undertake it.

Hel. Can you ſtorm?

Will. Furiouſly.

Hel. What think you of a nunnery wall? for he that wins me, muſt gain that firſt.

Will. A nun! how I love thee for't! there's no ſinner like a young ſaint——nay, now there's no denying me; the old law had no curſe, to a woman, like denying a maid; witneſs Jeptha's daughter.

Hel. A very good text this, if well handled, and I perceive, father Captain, you would impoſe no ſevere penance on her, who were inclined to conſole herſelf, before ſhe took orders.

Will. If ſhe be young and handſome.

Hel. Ay, there's the thing—but if ſhe be not—

Will. By this hand, child, I have an implicit faith, and dare venture on thee with all faults—beſides, 'tis more

more meritorious to leave the world, when thou haſt taſted and proved the pleaſures of it; then 'twill be virtue in thee, which now will be pure ignorance.

Hel. I perceive, good father Captain, you deſign only to make me fit for heaven—but, if on the contrary, you ſhould quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the world again, I ſhould have a new lover to ſeek I find; and what a grief that will be—for when I begin, I fancy I ſhall love like any thing; I never tried yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind—prithee, dear creature, give me credit for a heart; for, faith, I'm a very honeſt fellow—thy lodging, ſweetheart, thy lodging, or I am a dead man. [*Helena runs away, and Willmore follows her.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PAGE.

Ant. Follow me to Angelica's houſe.

[*Ex. Ant. and Page.*

Luc. (Blunt and Lucetta advance) This is a ſtranger—if he be briſk, he'll venture to follow me; and then if I underſtand my trade, he's mine; he's Engliſh too; and, they ſay, that's a ſort of good natur'd loving people; and have generally ſo kind an opinion of themſelves, that a woman with any wit may flatter 'em into any ſort of fool ſhe pleaſes.

[*She paſſes Blunt, and gazes on him.*

Blunt. (Conceitedly) 'Tis ſo—ſhe is taken—
I have beauties which my falſe glaſs at home did not diſcover. [*Exit Lucetta, Blunt following.*

FLORINDA *and* BELVILLE *advance.*

Flor. But, as I was ſaying, Sir—by this line you ſhou'd be a lover. [*Looking in his hand.*

Bel. I thought how right you gueſt, all men are in love, or pretend to be ſo—come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling.

Flor.

Flor. I will not, till you have confeſt, whether the paſſion that you have vow'd Florinda, be true or falſe.

[*She holds him, he ſtrives to get from her.*

Bel. Florinda!

Flor. Softly!

Bel. Thou haſt nam'd one, will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She'll be diſappointed then, who expects you this night at the garden door, and, if you fail not, as—let me ſee the other hand—you will go near to do, ſhe vows to die or make you happy.

Bel. What canſt thou mean?

Cal. Madam! [*Running to Florinda.*

Flor. That which I ſay.—Farewell. [*Going.*

Bel. Oh, charming Sybil, ſtay, complete that joy, which, as it is, will turn into diſtraction!—where muſt I be? at the garden door? I know it—at night, you ſay—I'll ſooner forfeit heaven than diſobey.

Cal. Madam, your brother's here.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* STEPHANO.

Ped. Stephano, lead to Angelica's.

[*Ex. Steph. and Pedro.*

Flor. Take this to inſtruct you farther.

[*Gives him a letter, and exit.*

Fred. Stay, ſtop one moment.

Val. I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Will. My dear pretty creature, a thouſand bleſſings on thee!—ſtill in this habit you ſay?—and after dinner at this place?

Hel. Yes, if you will ſwear to keep your heart, and not beſtow it between this and that.

Will. By all the little gods of love I ſwear, I'll leave it with you, and, if you run away with it, thoſe deities of juſtice will revenge me.

Cal. Come away, I ſay. [*Ex.* Helena *and* Callis.

Fred. What have you there—do you know the hand?

Bel. 'Tis Florinda's.

All bleſſings fall upon the virtuous maid! *Fred.*

Fred. Nay, no idolatry, a ſober ſacrifice I'll allow you.

Bel. Oh friends, the welcom'ſt news! the ſofteſt letter!—nay you ſhall all ſee it; and, could you now be ſerious, I might be the happieſt man the ſun ſhines on.

Will. The reaſon of this mighty joy?

Bel. See, how kindly ſhe invites me to deliver her from the threatened violence of her brother—will you not aſſiſt me?

Will. I know not what thou mean'ſt, but I will make one at any miſchief where a woman's concerned—but ſhe'll be grateful for the favour, won't ſhe?

Bel. Do not be prophane—the maid is nicely virtuous.

Will. Phoo!—then, ſhe's fit for nothing but a huſband; e'en let her go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, ſhe's the Colonel's miſtreſs, Sir.

Will. Let her be the devil—if ſhe be thy miſtreſs, I'll ſerve her—name the way.

Bel. Read here this poſtſcript. [*Gives him a letter.*

Will. [*Reads*] "At ten at night—at the door of the garden—of which if I cannot get the key, I will contrive a way over the wall—come attended with a friend or two."—Kind heart! if we three cannot weave a ſtring to let her down a garden wall, 'twere pity but the hangman wove one for us all.

Fred. Let her alone for that, your woman's wit, your fair kind woman's, will out-trick a broker, or a Jew; and contrive like a Jeſuit in chains. But where's Ned Blunt? ſtolen out after the lure of a damſel, I'll lay my life.

Bel. So! He'll ſcarce find his way home again, unleſs we get him cried by the bell-man in the market-place; and 'twould ſound prettily—a loſt Engliſh boy of thirty!

Fred. I hope 'tis ſome common, crafty, ſinner, one that will fit him; it may be, ſhe'll ſell him for Peru;

the rogue's ſturdy, and would work well in a mine; at leaſt I hope ſhe'll cheat him of all, then have him well favouredly banged, and turned out naked at midnight.

Will. Prithee, what humour is he of, that you wiſh him ſo well?

Bel. Why, of an Engliſh elder brother's humour, educated in a nurſery, with a maid to attend him till fifteen, and lies with his grand mother till he's of age: one that knows no pleaſure beyond riding to the next fair, or going up to London with his right worſhipful father in parliament time; gets drunk at a hunting match, and ten to one then gives ſome proofs of his proweſs.—Plague on him, he's our banker, and has all our caſh about him, and, if he fail, we are all broke.

Will. 'Tis a lucky devil to light upon ſo kind a wench!

Fred. Thou had'ſt a great deal of talk with thy little gipſy; could'ſt thou do no good upon her? mine was hard-hearted.

Will. Hang her, ſhe was ſome honeſt perſon of quality, I'm ſure, ſhe was ſo very free. If her face be but anſwerable to her wit, and humour, I wou'd be bound to conſtancy this month to gain her——In the mean time, have you made no kind acquaintance ſince you came to town?—you do not uſe to be honeſt ſo long, gentlemen. Who is the reigning beauty, the—

Fred. Faith, ſhe you heard the maſqueraders mention juſt now; the famous Angelica Bianca.

Will. What, the miſtreſs of the late Spaniſh general?

Bel. Yes, ſhe's now the only ador'd beauty of all the youth in Naples, who put on all their charms to appear lovely in her ſight, their coaches, liveries, and themſelves, all gay, as on a monarch's birth-day, to attract the eyes of this fair charmer, while ſhe has the pleaſure to behold all languiſh for her that ſee her.

Will. The very thought of her makes me mad.—Prithee, let's wait upon her.

Bel.

Bel. Let's firſt to dinner, and after that we'll paſs the day as you pleaſe—You'll find her above your purchaſe, unleſs you can afford to throw away a thouſand crowns a month upon her.—At night you muſt be all at my devotion.

Will. I will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter BELVILLE *and* FREDERICK, *in maſquing habits, and* WILLMORE, *in his own clothes.*

Will. BUT, prithee, why thus diſguiſed and muzzled?

Bel. Becauſe, whatever extravagances we commit in theſe faces, our own may not be obliged to anſwer for 'em.

Will. I ſhould have changed my eternal blue too; but no matter; my little gipſy would not have found me out then; for if ſhe ſhould change hers, it is impoſſible I ſhould know her, unleſs I ſhould hear her prattle.—Plague on't, I cannot get her out of my head! Pray Heav'n, if ever I do ſee her again, ſhe prove frightfully ugly, that I may fortify myſelf againſt her tongue.

Bel. Have a care of love; for on my conſcience ſhe was not of a quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Why do they draw a man in then? She has played with my heart ſo, that 'twill never lie ſtill. Hang her—I'll think no more of her.—Come, gentlemen, where is this lovely Angelica?

Bel. This is her houſe, if you were but rich enough to get admittance; they have not dined yet; I perceive the picture is not out.

Will. I long to ſee the ſhadow of the fair ſubſtance; a man may gaze on that for nothing.—Here's your banker.

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. Colonel, thy hand—and thine, Frederick.—I have been an aſs, a deluded fool, a very coxcomb, from my birth to this very hour, and heartily repent my little faith.

Bel. What the devil's the matter with thee, Ned?

Blunt. Oh! ſuch a miſtreſs, Frederick! ſuch a girl!

Will. Ha! where?

Fred. Ay, where?

Blunt. So fond, ſo amorous, ſo toying, and ſo fine!—and all for ſheer love, ye rogue! Oh, how ſhe looked, and ſoothed my heart from my boſom!—She has left the taſte of her balmy kiſſes upon my lips——

Bel. Ha! ha! ha!

Will. Death! man, where is ſhe?

Blunt.——What a dog was I to ſtay in dull England ſo long!——How have I laughed at the Colonel, when he ſighed for love! But now the little archer has revenged him, and by this one dart I can gueſs at all his joys, which then I took for fancies, mere dreams, and fables.——Well, I'm reſolved to ſell all in Eſſex, and plant here for ever.

Will. Doſt know her name?

Blunt. Her name? No, 'ſheartlikins, what care I for names?——She's fair, young and kind, and what care I for knowing her by any other title?

Will.

Will. Didſt give her any thing?

Blunt. Give her!——Ha! ha! ha!—why ſhe's a perſon of quality—that's a good one!—Give her! 'Sheartlikins, doſt think ſuch creatures are to be bought? Give her, quoth ye? Why ſhe preſented me with this bracelet, for the toy of a diamond I uſed to wear. No, gentlemen, Ned Blunt is not every body——She expects me again to-night.

Will. Egad, that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a ſoul: no, gentlemen, you are wits; I am a dull country rogue, I!—I am an Eſſex calf!

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your perſon of quality, I ſhall be very glad to underſtan' your purſe be ſecure; 'tis our whole eſtate at preſent, which we are loth to hazard in one bottom; come, Sir, unlade.

Blunt. Take the trifle, uſeleſs now to me, that am beloved by ſuch a gentlewoman——'Sheartlikins, money! here, take mine too.

Fred. No, keep that to be couzen'd of, that we may laugh at you. 'Tis ſome common drab, upon my life.

Blunt. Common!——yes, with ſuch clothes! ſuch jewels! ſuch a houſe! ſuch furniture, and ſo attended!—common!

Will. Egad, I believe he may have met with ſome perſon of quality, that may be kind to him.

Bel. Doſt thou perceive any ſuch tempting things about him, that ſhould make a fine woman, and of quality, pick him out from all mankind, to throw away her youth and beauty upon, nay, and her dear heart too?——No, no, Angelica has raiſed the price too high.

Enter two Bravos, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica, againſt the Balcony, and a little one on each ſide of the Door.

Belv. See there the fair ſign to the inn, where a man may lodge, that's fool enough to give her a thouſand crowns a month. [Willmore *gazes on the picture.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, gentlemen, what's this?

Belv. A famous courtezan, that's to be ſold.

Blunt. How? to be ſold! Nay, then I have nothing to ſay to her—Sold!—What impudence is practiſed in this country?—come let's be gone, I'm ſure we're no chapmen for this commodity.

Fred. Thou art none, I'm ſure; unleſs thou could'ſt have her in thy bed at the price of a coach in the ſtreet.

Will. How wond'rous fair ſhe is!——by heaven, as many kingdoms were too little—Plague of this poverty!——of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my approach to beauty.

Blunt. " A thouſand crowns a month!"
——'Sheartlikins, here's a ſum!—ſure it is a miſtake.
——Heark you, friend, does ſhe take, or give, ſo much by the month?

Fred. A thouſand crowns! why, 'tis a portion for the infanta.

Blunt. Hark ye, friend, won't ſhe truſt?

Bel. See here's more company, let's walk off a while.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DON PEDRO *and* STEPHANO, *in Maſquerade.*

Steph. A thouſand crowns! had not the painter flatter'd her, I ſhould not think it dear.

Ped. Flatter'd her! by heav'n he cannot; I have ſeen the original; nor is there one charm here more than adorns her face and eyes.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PAGE *in Maſquerade.*

Ant. What I heard of her beauty before had fir'd my ſoul; but this confirmation of it has blown it to a flame.

Ped. Ha! what rival's this? [*Aſide.*

Page. Sir, I have known you throw away a thouſand crowns on a worſe face; and tho' y'are near your marriage,

marriage, you may venture a little love here; Florinda will not miſs it.

Ped. Ha! Florinda!—ſure 'tis Antonio. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Florinda! name not thoſe diſtant joys, there's not one thought of her will check my paſſion here.

[*Examines the Pictures.*

Ped. Florinda ſcorn'd, and all my hopes defeated of the poſſeſſion of Angelica! Her injuries, by heaven, he ſhall not boaſt of.

[*Muſic is heard above. Enter* Angelica, *throwing open the Curtain, and bows to* Antonio, *who pulls off his Maſk, and bows, and blows up Kiſſes.*

Ant. By heaven, ſhe's charming fair!

[*Exit Angelica.*

Ped. 'Tis he, the falſe Antonio. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Quick let me pay my offering of love?

[*Going.*

Ped. That offering, Sir, I have deſigned to make.

Ant. Prithee, be gone, I ſhall grow angry elſe.

Ped. My anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours; and he, that enters here, may prove this truth.

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am ſure thou'rt worth my killing, for aiming at Angelica.

[*They draw and fight.*

Steph. and Page. Help! help!

[*Exeunt Steph. and Page, ſeverally.*

Enter WILMORE, *who draws and parts them.*

Will. Tilting for the wench, I'm ſure—nay, gad, if that would win her, I have as good a ſword as the beſt of you.—Put up—put up, and take another time and place; this is deſign'd for lovers only.

Ped. We are prevented; dare you meet me tomorrow on the Molo?

For I've a title to a better quarrel,
That of Florinda, in whoſe credulous heart
Thou'ſt made an int'reſt, and deſtroyed my hopes.

Ant.

Ant. Dare!
I'll meet thee there as early as the day.

Ped. We will come thus diſguis'd, that whoſoever chance to get the better, he may eſcape unknown.

[*Exit Ped.*

Ant. It ſhall be ſo.
Who ſhould this rival be, unleſs the Engliſh Colonel, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro ſpeak?—It muſt be he; and time he were removed, who lays a claim to all my happineſs.

[*Willmore, having gaz'd all this while on the pictures, pulls down a little one.*]

Enter ANGELICA *and* MORETTA *in the Balcony.*

Will. This poſture's negligent and graceful;
The ſight on't wou'd beget a warm deſire
In age or anchorites.
—This muſt along with me.

Ant. What means this rudeneſs, Sir?—reſtore the picture.

Will. Indeed, I will not, Sir.

Ant. By heav'n, but you ſhall.

Will. Nay, do not ſhew your ſword, if you do, by this dear beauty—I will ſhew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't?

Will. That of poſſeſſion, which I will maintain; you perhaps, have a thouſand crowns to give for the original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you ſhall reſtore the picture,
Or leave your life behind.

Will. Death! you lye—I will do neither.

[*They fight.*

Ang. Hold, I command you, if for me you fight.

[*They leave off, and bow.*

Will. How heav'nly fair ſhe is!

Ang. You, Sir, in blue, that firſt began this inſolence——

Will.

Will. 'Tis true, I did ſo, if you call it inſolence for a man to preſerve himſelf; I ſaw your charming picture, and was wounded; quite through my ſoul each pointed beauty ran; and wanting fortune to procure my remedy—I laid this little picture to my boſom—which, if you cannot allow me, I'll reſign.

Ang. No, you may keep the trifle.

Ant. You ſhall firſt aſk me leave, and this—

[*Fight again as before, Antonio is beaten off.*

Ang. Hold! will you ruin me!—Biſkey—Sebaſtian—part'em— [*Antonio is beaten off.*

Morett. Oh madam, we are undone; plague upon that rude fellow, he's ſet on to ruin us; we ſhall never ſee good days, till all theſe fighting poor rogues are ſent to the gallies. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter BLUNT, WILLMORE, BELVILLE *and* FREDERICK.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this ſport, and I'll ne'er wear a ſword more.

Belv. The devil's in thee for a mad fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky adventure—come, let's be gone whilſt we're ſafe; and remember theſe are Spaniards, a ſort of people that know how to revenge an affront.

Will. What the devil was't to them that I took down the picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'ſheartlikins, we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by conqueſt.—Prithee, help me up, and I'll pull it down—

Ang. Stay, Sir; and ere you affront me farther, let me know how you durſt commit this outrage—To you I ſpeak, Sir, for you appear a gentleman.

Will. To me, Madam—Gentlemen, your ſervant.

[*Belville ſtays him.*

Belv. Is the devil in thee? do'ſt know the danger of entering the houſe of an incens'd Courtezan?

Will.

Will. I thank you for your care—death! let me go.

Fred. Yes, to your lodging, if you will, but not in here.—
Death! man, ſhe'll murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not; ſhall I not venture where a beauty calls?

Belv. 'Tis loſs of time, unleſs you had the thouſand crowns to pay.

Will. May be ſhe may give a favour for once; at leaſt I ſhall have the pleaſure of a kiſs when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. She'll as ſoon ſleep with thee, as kiſs thee; and ſooner ſtab, than do either—you ſhall not go.

Ang. Fear not, Sir; all I have to wound with, is my eyes.

Blunt. Let him go; 'ſheartikins, I believe the gentlewoman means well.

Belv. Well, take thy fortune; we'll expect you in the next ſtreet—Farewell, fool—Farewell—

Will. B'y Colonel—B'y Frederick—I'm coming, Ma'am. [*Exit.*

Fred. The fellow is certainly ſtark mad. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter ANGELICA, WILLMORE *and* MORETTA.

Ang. Inſolent man, how durſt you pull down my picture?

Will. Rather, how durſt you ſet it up, to tempt poor am'rous mortals with ſo much excellence?

Ang.

Ang. I ſent for you to aſk my pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your crime—I thought I ſhould have ſeen you at my feet imploring it.

Will. Then you are deceived; I came to rail at you, and rail ſuch truths too, as ſhall let you ſee the vanity of that pride, which taught you how to ſet ſuch price on ſin;

For ſuch it is, whilſt that, which is love's due,
Is meanly barter'd for.

Ang. Ha! ha! ha! alas, good captain, what pity 'tis your edifying doctrine will do no good upon me.

Morett. Good corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your doctrine; and can afford no kindneſs for charity—Therefore, troop, I ſay.

Will. Here, good forewoman of the ſhop, ſerve me, and I'll be gone. [*Offers money.*

Morett. Keep it to pay your laundreſs; here's no ſelling by retail.—This is an age wherein beauty is at higher rates.

Will. Hark ye, don't be too hard upon a poor ſtranger.—Tell me honeſtly, how much will come to my ſhare for this trifle—Come, take your black-lead, and ſum it up, that I may have a piſtole's worth of this vain gay thing, and I'll trouble you no more.

Morett. Plague on him, he'll fret me to death.

Ang. Sure, this from any other man, would anger me—nor ſhall he know the conqueſt he has made—Poor, angry man, how I deſpiſe this railing.

Will Yes, I am poor,—but I'm a gentleman;
And one that ſcorns this baſeneſs which you practiſe;
Poor as I am, I wou'd not ſell myſelf;
No, not to gain your charming high-priz'd perſon.
Tho' I admire you ſtrangely for your beauty,
Yet I contemn you for your narrow mind;
And this contempt I ſtill will nouriſh here,
Cloſe at my heart, it has a virtue in't;
And ſoon will cure the wounds your eyes have made.

—And

—And, yet—there's ſomething ſo divinely powerful there—
Nay, I will gaze—
[*Holds her, looks on her, and pauſes and ſighs.*
——By Heav'n, bright creature—I would not for the world
Thy fame were half ſo fair as is thy face.
[*Turns her away from him.*

Ang. His words go through me to the very ſoul! [*Aſide.*

Mor. Sure ſhe's bewitch'd.—Sirrah! will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty?— [*To* Mor. withdraw. [*Exit* Mor.

Pray tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the ſame mercenary crime?——When a Lady is propoſed to you for a wife, you never aſk, how fair—diſcreet—or virtuous ſhe is; but what's her fortune——which if but ſmall, you cry—ſhe will not do my buſineſs——and baſely leave her, though ſhe languiſh for you—ſay, is not this as poor?

Will. It is a barbarous cuſtom, which, as I blame in your ſex, I do more heartily deſpiſe in our's.

Ang. Thou art a brave fellow!——and know,
That were thy fortune large as is thy ſoul,
Thou ſhould'ſt not buy my love.
Can'ſt thou forget thoſe mean effects of vanity,
Which ſet me out to ſale, and as a lover, prize my yielding joys?
Can'ſt thou believe they'll be entirely thine,
Without conſidering they were mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I muſt bethink me firſt——
Death! I'm going to believe her. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Prithee, confirm that faith——or if thou can'ſt not——flatter me a little,—'twill pleaſe me from thy mouth.

Will. I know you take me for an errant aſs,
An Aſs that may be ſooth'd into belief,
And then be us'd at pleaſure;—

But,

But, Madam, I have been ſo often cheated
By perjur'd, ſoft, deluding hypocrites,
That I've no faith left for your coz'ning ſex.
Ang. The low eſteem you have of me, perhaps,
May bring my heart again:
For I have pride that yet ſurmounts my love.
Will. Throw off this pride, this enemy to bliſs,
And ſhew the power of love: 'tis with thoſe arms
Alone I can be vanquiſh'd, made a ſlave.
Ang. Is all my mighty expectation vaniſh'd?
In ev'ry word that draws my heart away,
No, I will not hear thee talk——thou haſt a charm
And all the thouſand trophies I deſign'd
Thou haſt undone——Why art thou ſoft?
Thy looks are bravely rough, and meant for war.
Could'ſt thou not ſtorm on ſtill?
I then, perhaps, had been as free as thou.
Will. Death! how ſhe throws her fire about my ſoul! [*Aſide.*
Take heed, fair creature, how you raiſe my hope,
Which, once aſſum'd, aſpires to all dominion.
There's not a joy thou haſt in ſtore,
I ſhall not then command.
For which I'll pay thee back my ſoul, my life.
Come, let's begin th'account this happy minute!
Ang. And will you pay me then the price I aſk?
Will. Oh! why doſt thou draw me from an awful [worſhip,
By ſhewing thou art no divinity?
Conceal the fiend, and ſhew me all the angel!
Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout,
And pay my vows for ever at this ſhrine. [*Kiſſes her hand.*
Ang. The pay I mean, is but thy love for mine.
——Can you give that?
Will. Intirely.
Ang. Then I receive you as my future ſervant.
Will. Madam——
Ang. But mark me, Sir,—my birth, my breeding and pride raiſe me far above the coarſe interchange of mere convenient pleaſures—I offer my heart for your's:
Yet how depend on men for conſtancy!
Will. Depend!—may I depend on your's?
Ang. Ah! this is one of the virtues you always blame the want of in us, though you never practiſe it yourſelves.

Virgins or wives, for us our tyrants claim
A ſtrict performance of the taſk of fame;
Yet to themſelves indulgently allow
The breach of honour and the marriage-vow.
No more let man our weaker ſex condemn
For faults, originally taught by them;
Since, if from Virtue's holy path we ſtray,
We only follow where you point the way. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter FLORINDA, HELENA, VALERIA, *in dominos.*

Flor. I WONDER what ſhould make my brother in ſo ill a humour! I hope he has not found out our ramble this morning.

Val. Methinks we have learnt this trade of gipſies, as readily as if we had been bred upon the road to Loretta: and yet I did ſo bungle, when I told the ſtranger his fortune, that I was afraid I ſhould have told my own and yours by miſtake——But methinks Helena has been very ſerious ever ſince.

Flor. I would give my garters ſhe were in love, to be reveng'd upon her for abuſing me——How is't, Helena?

Hel. Ah!——would I had never ſeen my mad Captain ——and yet, for all your laughing, I am not in love—— and yet this ſmall acquaintance, o'my conſcience, will never out of my head.

Val. Ha! ha! ha!——I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a lover—a fellow that I warrant loves every new face he ſees.

Hel. Hum!—he has not kept his word with me here —that thought is not very pleaſant to me—what the deuce ſhould this be now, that I feel? *Val.*

Val. What is't like?

Hel. Nay, Heav'n knows——but if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot chooſe but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad fellow ſhould be in love with any body but me——what to think of myſelf I know not—would I could meet with ſome true gipſey, that I might know my fortune!

Val. Know it! why there's nothing ſo eaſy; thou wilt love this wand'ring inconſtant till thou find'ſt thyſelf hang'd about his neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Flor. Yes, yes; we ſhall ſee her mount his baggage-horſe, and follow him to the campaign.

Hel. So, ſo!—now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me——but ſince you have ſet my heart a wiſhing, I am reſolv'd to know for what; for I will not die of the pip.

Flor. Art thou mad to talk ſo? who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad wench thou art?

Hel. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me ſhall have me, but he that I like; I ſhould have ſtaid in the nunnery ſtill, if I had lik'd my Lady Abbeſs as well as ſhe lik'd me——No, I came thence, not, as my wiſe brother imagines, to take an eternal farewell of the world, but to love, and to be belov'd—and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your men, ſo I will.

Val. Am I put into the number of lovers?

Hel. You? why, coz, I know thou'rt too good natur'd to leave us in any deſign: thou wilt venture a caſt, though thou comeſt off a loſer, eſpecially with ſuch a gameſter.—I obſerv'd your man, and your willing ear incline that way; and if you are not a lover—'tis an art ſoon learnt—that I find. [*Sighs.*

Flor. I wonder how you learned to love ſo eaſily, I had a thouſand charms to meet my eyes and ears, ere I could yield; and 'twas the knowledge of Belville's merit, not the ſurpriſing perſon took my ſoul——thou art too raſh to give a heart at firſt ſight.

Hel. Hang your conſidering lover; I never thought beyond the fancy that 'twas a very pretty, idle, ſilly kind of pleaſure to paſs one's time with, to write little ſoft nonſenſical billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive

anſwers, in which I ſhall ſee my beauty praiſed, my wit admired, (though little or none) and have the vanity and power to know I am deſirable; then I have the more inclination that way, becauſe I am to be a nun, and ſo ſhall not be ſuſpected to have any ſuch earthly thoughts about me —but when I walk thus—and ſigh thus—they'll think my mind's upon my monaſtery, and cry how happy 'tis ſhe's ſo reſolved.—But ſee here comes your lover; but where's my inconſtant? let's ſtep aſide, and we may learn ſomething.

Enter BELVILLE, FREDERICK, *and* BLUNT.

Bel. What means this! the picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the wench is good natured, and will be kind gratis; your friend's a proper handſome fellow.

Bel. I rather think ſhe has cut his throat and is fled: I am mad he ſhould throw himſelf into dangers—I ſhall want him too at night——let's knock and aſk for him. [*Knocks.*

Hel. My heart goes pit a pat, for fear 'tis my man they talk of.

Enter MORETTA *above.*

Morett. What would you have?

Bel. Tell the ſtranger that entered here about two hours ago, that his friends ſtay here for him.

Mor. Would he were at the Devil! He's coming to you. [*Exit* Moretta.

Enter WILLMORE, *from* ANGELICA'S *Houſe.*

Hel. Ay, ay,—'tis he! [*Aſide.*

Bel. And how—and how, dear lad, has fortune ſmiled? are we to break her windows, or raiſe up altars to her, hah?

Will. Does not my fortune ſit triumphant on my brow? Doſt not ſee the little wanton God there, all gay and ſmiling? Have I not an air about my face and eyes, that diſtinguiſhes me from the crowd of common lovers? Cupid's quiver has not half ſo many darts as her eyes!——Oh ſuch a bona roba! to ſleep in her arms is lying in freſco, all perfumed air about me.

Hel. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on. [*Aſide.*

Will. Hark'ye, where didſt purchaſe that rich Canary we drank to-day? tell me, that I may adore the ſpigot, and ſacrifice to the butt! the juice was divine! into which I

muſt

muſt dip my roſary, and then bleſs all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

Bel. Well, Sir, let's go take a bottle, and hear the ſtory of your ſucceſs.

Fred. Would not French wine do better?

Will. Hang the hungry balderdaſh!—Chearful ſack has a generous virtue in't, inſpiring a ſucceſsful confidence, gives eloquence to the tongue, and vigour to the ſoul! and has in a few hours completed all my hopes and wiſhes!

Blunt. But hark'ye, Sir, you are not married, are you?

Will. All the honey of matrimony, but none of the ſting, friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, thou'rt a fortunate rogue! this I like well, it looks like my lucky bargain! Oh how I long for the approach of my ſquire, that is to conduct me to her houſe again:—why—here's two provided for.

Fred. By this light y'are happy men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleaſed to ſmile on us, gentlemen,—to ſmile on us.

Enter SANCHO, *and pulls* BLUNT *by the ſleeve.*

Sancho. Sir, my lady expects you: her huſband is out of the way;—and ſhe is impatient till you come.

Blunt. Sir, I'll attend you—oh the happieſt rogue! I'll take no leave, leſt they either dog me, or ſtay me.

[*Exit with* Sancho.

Belv. But then the little gipſy is forgot?

Will. A miſchief on thee for putting her into my thoughts, I had forgot her elſe, one bottle had waſhed her quite down.

Hel. Had it ſo, good captain? [*Claps him on the back.*

Will. Hah! I hope ſhe did not hear me. [*Aſide.*

Hel. What, afraid of ſuch a champion?

Will. Oh! you're a fine lady of your word—are you not—to make a man languiſh a whole day—in—in—

Hel. In tedious ſearch of me.

Will. Egad, child, thou art in the right; hadſt thou ſeen what a melancholy dog I have been ever ſince I was a lover, how I have walked the ſtreets, like a capuchin, with my hands in my ſleeves——faith, ſweet-heart, thou would'ſt pity me.

Hel. Now if I ſhould be hanged, I can't be angry with him, he diſſembles ſo heartily—Alas, good Captain, what pains you have taken—now were I ungrateful not to reward ſo true a ſervant.

Will. Poor ſoul! that's kindly ſaid; I ſee thou beareſt a conſcience—come then, for a beginning ſhew me thy dear face. [*Courts* Helena.

Enter ANGELICA, MORETTA, *and* SEBASTIAN, *from her Houſe.*

Ang. Heaven's 'tis he! and paſſionately fond to ſee another woman.

Mor. What leſs could you expect from ſuch a ſwaggerer?

Ang. Expect! as much as I paid him, a heart entire;
Which I had pride enough to think whene'er I gave,
It would have rais'd the man above the vulgar,
Made him all ſoul, and that all ſoft and conſtant.

Hel. You ſee, Captain, how willing I am to be friends with you, and aſk you the queſtion firſt, rather than put your modeſty to the bluſh, by aſking me; for alas! I know you Captains are ſuch ſtrict men, and ſuch ſevere obſervers of your vows to chaſtity, that 'twill be hard to prevail with your tender conſcience to marry a young willing maid.

Will. Do not abuſe me, for fear I ſhould take thee at thy word, and marry thee indeed, which I'm ſure will be revenge ſufficient.

Hel. O' my conſcience, that will be our deſtiny, becauſe we are both of one humour; I am as inconſtant as you; for I have conſidered, Captain, that a handſome woman has a great deal to do whilſt her face is good; for then is our harveſt-time to gather friends; and ſhould I, in theſe days of my youth, catch a fit of fooliſh conſtancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great journey: therefore, I declare, I'll allow but one year for love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate—and then——go hang yourſelf,——for I profeſs myſelf the gay, the giddy, the kind and the inconſtant——and the devil's in't if this won't pleaſe you.

Will. Oh, moſt delightfully!——I have a heart with a hole quite through it too, no priſon mine to keep a miſtreſs in.

Ang.

Ang. Perjur'd man! [*Aſide.*

Hel. Well, ſince I ſee our buſineſs, as well as humours, are alike; yours to cozen as many maids as will truſt you, and I as many men as have faith—you ſhall ſee my face—prepare—ſee if I have not as deſperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you. [*Pulls off her vizard: he ſtarts.*

——How do you like it, Captain?

Will. Like it! I never ſaw any thing like it!——Oh, the fire of thoſe black eyes! that lovely face! ſo full of ſmiles and dimples! thoſe ſweet, round, melting, merry, cherry lips! not to be expreſſed, but to be kiſſed and—[Willmore *attempts to kiſs her; ſhe puts on her maſk again*] oh, one look more, and ſtrike me dumb, or I ſhall repeat nothing elſe till I'm mad. [*She runs away from him, he follows her.*

Ang. I can endure no more—nor is it fit to interrupt him, or if I do, my jealouſy has ſo deſtroyed my reaſon, I ſhall undo myſelf—I'll retire.—Sebaſtian watch that woman, and learn who 'tis. [*Exeunt* Angel. Moretta, *and* Sebaſtian.

This while Florinda *is talking to* Belville; Frederick *courting* Valeria.

Val. Prithee, dear ſtranger, be not ſo ſullen, for though you have loſt your love, you ſee my friend frankly offers you hers to play with in the mean time.

Bel. Faith, madam, I'm ſorry I can't play at her game.

Fred. Pray leave your interceſſion and mind your own affair, they'll better agree apart; he's a modeſt ſigher, in company, but alone no woman eſcapes him.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN *watching* HELENA.

Flor. Sure he does but rally—yet if it ſhould be true—I'll tempt him farther——Believe me, noble ſtranger, I am no common miſtreſs—and for a little proof on't—wear this jewel—nay, take it, Sir, 'tis light, and bills of exchange may ſometimes miſcarry.

Bel. Madam, why am I choſe out of all mankind to be the object of your bounty?

Val. There's another civil queſtion aſked!

Fred. Plague of your modeſty, it ſpoils your own market, and hinders mine.

Flor. Sir, from my window I have often ſeen you, and women of my quality have ſo few opportunities for love, that we ought to loſe none.

Fred.

Fred. Ay, this is ſomething! Here's a woman!—when ſhall I be bleſt with ſo much kindneſs from your fair mouth?—Take the jewel, fool. [*Aſide to* Belville.

Bel. You tempt me ſtrangely, madam, every way.

Flor. So, if I find him falſe, my whole repoſe is gone. [*Aſide.*

Bel. And but for a vow I have made to a very fair lady, this goodneſs had ſubdued me.

Fred. Plague on't be kind, in pity to me be kind; for I am to thrive here but as you treat her friend.

WILLMORE *and* HELENA *advance.*

Hel. Tell me what you did in yonder houſe, and I'll unmaſk.

Will. Yonder houſe—oh——I went to—a—to—there's a friend of mine lives there.

Hel. What, a ſhe or he friend?

Will. A man, upon my honour! A man—a ſhe friend!——no, madam, you have done my buſineſs, I thank you.

Hel. And was it your man friend, that had more darts in's eyes, than Cupid carries in his whole budget of arrows?

Will. So——

Hel. Ah, ſuch a bona roba! Was this your man friend too?

Will. Well, well, madam, then you ſee there are ladies in the world, that will not be cruel—there are, madam, there are——

Hel. And there are men too, as fine, wild, and inconſtant fellows as yourſelf; there are, Captain, there are—if you go to that now—therefore I am reſolved—

Will. Oh!

Hel. To ſee your face no more——

Will. Oh!

Hel. Till to-morrow.

Will. Egad, you frightened me.

Hel. Nor then neither, unleſs you'll ſwear never to ſee that lady more.

Will. See her!——I'll never think of woman-kind again.

Hel. Kneel,—and ſwear— [*Kneels.*

Will. I do—never to think—to ſee—to love—any woman but thyſelf.

Hel. Kiſs the book.

Will.

Will. Oh, moſt religiouſly. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Enter CALLIS.

Hel. Now, what a wicked creature am I, to ruin ſuch a proper fellow.

Cal. Madam, I'll wait no longer, 'tis e'en dark. [*To* Flor.

Flor. However, Sir, I'll leave this with you—that when I'm gone, you may repent the opportunity you have loſt.

[*Gives him the jewel, which is her picture, and exit, followed by* Callis. Belv. *gazes after* Flor. *Exit* Val. Fred. *kiſſing her hand.*]

Will. 'Twill be an age till to-morrow—and till then I will moſt impatiently expect you—Adieu, my dear, pretty angel. [*Exit* Hel. Seb. *following.*

Bel. Ha! Florinda's picture—'twas ſhe herſelf—What a dull dog was I!—I would have giv'n the world for one minute's diſcourſe with her———

Fred. This comes of your modeſty!—Ah, plague o'your vow.

Bel. Willmore; the bleſſed'ſt opportunity loſt! Florinda! friends—Florinda!

Will. Ah, rogue! ſuch eyes! ſuch a face! ſuch a mouth! ſuch teeth! and ſo much wit!———

Bel. All, all———and a thouſand charms beſides.

Will. Why, doſt thou know her?

Bel. Know her!—Aye, aye, and a plague take me with all my heart, for being modeſt.

Will. But hark ye, friend of mine, are you my rival? and have I been only beating the buſh all this while?

Bel. I underſtand thee not———I'm mad———ſee here.

[*Gives him the picture.*

Will. Ha!—Whoſe picture's this?—This is a fine wench too.

Fred. The Colonel's miſtreſs, Sir.

Will. Oh, oh!—here I thought 'thad been another prize.

[*Gives the picture back again.*

Come, a bottle will ſet thee right again.

Bel. I am content to try; and by that time 'twill be late enough for our deſign.

Will. Agreed.

Love

Love does all day the ſoul's great empire keep;
But wine, at night, lulls the ſoft God aſleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lucetta's Houſe.*

Enter LUCETTA *and* BLUNT.

Luc. Now we are ſafe and free: no fears of the coming home of my old jealous huſband, which made me a little thoughtful when you came in firſt——but now, love is all the buſineſs of my ſoul.

Blunt. I am tranſported!—Plague on't, that I had but ſome fine things to ſay to her, ſuch as lovers uſe—I was a fool not to learn of Frederick a little by heart before I came——ſomething I muſt ſay— [*Aſide.*

'Sheartlikins, ſweet ſoul! I am not uſ'd to compliment, but I'm an honeſt gentleman, and thy humble ſervant.

Luc. I have nothing to pay for ſo great a favour, but ſuch a love, as cannot but be great, ſince at firſt ſight of that ſweet face and ſhape, it made me your abſolute captive.

Blunt. Kind heart! how prettily ſhe talks! Egad! I'll ſhew her huſband a Spaniſh trick; ſend him out of the world, and marry her: ſhe's damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind ſettlements, and ſo there's that ſaved. [*Aſide.*

Luc. Well, Sir, I'll go and ſee if the coaſt is clear, and ſend for you inſtantly——

To make you more a fool than nature has. [*Aſide.*

Blunt. Make haſte, then; for 'ſheartlikins, dear ſoul! thou can't not gueſs at the torments of a doating lover.

Luc. You ſpeak my ſenſe, and I'll make haſte to prove it. I hope Sancho and Philippo are ready to ſeize him. [*Aſide.*—[*Exit.*

Blunt. 'Tis a rare girl!—This one night will be worth all the days I ever paſſed in Eſſex.—Would ſhe would go with me into England; though, to ſay truth, there's plenty of wenches there already.—But, a plague on 'em, they are ſuch mercenary, prodigal devils, that they want ſuch an one as this, that's free and generous, to give 'em good examples.——Why, what a houſe ſhe has!—how rich and fine!

Enter

Enter SANCHO.

San. Sir, my lady has ſent me to conduct you to her chamber.

Blunt. Sir, I ſhall be proud to follow. [*Exit* San. Here's one of her ſervants too! 'ſheartlikins, by his garb and gravity, he might be a juſtice of peace in Eſſex, and is but a pimp here!—Egad! Ned Blunt's not every body. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber with an Alcove Bed in it, a Table, &c.*

Enter LUCETTA *and* PHILIPPO.

Luc. If our plot ſucceeds, we ſhall obtain good booty, and cure this Engliſhman of a little of his vanity—Here he is—now to my poſt. [*Runs behind the bed. Exit* Philippo.

Enter SANCHO *and* BLUNT, *with a light.*

Sanc. Sir, my commiſſion reaches no farther.

Blunt. Sir, I'll excuſe your compliment [*Exit* San. What, in bed, my ſweet miſtreſs!——Oh! the luckieſt rogue!

Luc. Should you be falſe or cruel now!

Blunt. Falſe!—'Sheartlikins, what doſt thou take me for? A Jew?—an inſenſible Heathen?—a plague on thy old jealous huſband, an he were dead, egad, ſweet ſoul! it ſhould be none of my fault, if I did not marry thee.

[*Laying his ſword, hat, watch, purſe, &c. on the table.*

Luc. It never ſhould be mine.

Blunt. Good ſoul! I'm the fortunateſt dog!

Luc. Sir, Sir, put out the light, it may betray us elſe.

Blunt. Any thing—I need no other light, but that of thine eyes!—'Sheartlikins, there, I think I had it.

[*Puts out the candle*—Luc. *runs off*—*the bed deſcends, he tries to find it.*]

I can't find my chair!—Where are you, ſweeteſt?—Ah, the rogue's ſilent now—pretty love-trick this—how ſhe'll laugh at me anon!——Come, come, now call me, in pity. Sure I'm enchanted! I have been round the chamber, and can find neither woman, nor bed—I lock'd the door, I'm

ſu r

ſure ſhe cannot go that way—or if ſhe could, the bed could not—Enough, enough, my pretty wanton; do not carry the jeſt too far. Ha!—betrayed!—Dogs! Rogues! Murder! Help! help!

[*Lights on a trap, and ſinks through the ſtage.*

Enter PHILIPPO, LUCETTA, *and* SANCHO, *with a light.*

Phil. Ha! ha! ha! He's diſpatched finely.

Luc. Now, Sir, had I been coy, we had miſs'd of this booty.

Phil. Nay, when I ſaw 'twas a ſubſtantial fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a ſerenading coxcomb, upon a face, fine clothes, and a lute, it makes me rage.

Luc. You know, I was never guilty of that folly, my dear Philippo——But come, look what we have got by this.

Phil. See here!—a gold watch—a purſe—ha! gold! at leaſt two hundred piſtoles!—a bunch of diamond-rings!—a gold box, with a medal of his king! and his lady mother's picture——Theſe were ſacred reliques, believe me.

Luc. For all this, I fear his being a ſtranger may make a noiſe, and hinder our trade with them hereafter.

Phil. That's our ſecurity; he's not only a ſtranger to us, but to the country too——the paſſage into which he is deſcended, thou know'ſt, conducts him into another ſtreet: he knows neither your name, nor where your houſe is; nay, nor the way to his own lodging——Away!

This is the fleece which fools do bear,
Deſign'd for witty men to ſhare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Garden, in the Night.*

Enter FLORINDA.

Clock ſtrikes Ten.

Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to happineſs; I have got myſelf free from Callis; my brother too, I find, by yonder light, is got into his cabinet, and thinks not of me.——Now, I am as fearful as a young thief.——Hark——what noiſe is that——oh, 'twas the wind that played among the boughs.——Belville ſtays long, methinks.

Enter

Enter WILMORE, *a little drunk.*

Will. What is become of theſe fellows Belville and Frederick; they promiſed to ſtay at the next corner for me; but who the devil knows the corner of a full moon.—Now ——whereabouts am I!——By this light, a woman!—I'm a dog, if it be not a very wench!——

Flor. He's come!——Ha!—who's there?

Will. Sweet ſoul! let me ſalute thy ſhoe-ſtring.

Flor. 'Tis not my Belville.——Good Heavens! I know him not——Who are you, and from whence come you?

Will. Prithee——prithee, child——not ſo many hard queſtions——let it ſuffice I am here, child.

Flor. Good Heav'n! what luck is mine!

Will. Only good luck, child, parlous good luck—come hither——'tis a delicate ſhining wench——I'll be very ſecret. I'll not boaſt who 'twas obliged me, not I—for, hang me, if I know thy name.

Flor. Sir, can you think——

Will. Madam, I think you're a beautiful creature; and that's all the thinking I care for juſt now—ſo come to my arm——why, what a work's here—in good time—come, no ſtruggling, [*She ſtruggles with him.*

Enter BELVILLE, *and* FREDERICK.

Flor. Help! help!—Murder—help—oh, I am ruin'd.

Bel. Ha! ſure that's Florinda's voice!

——A man!—Villain, let go that lady!

[*Throws* Will. *from her.*—Fred. *interpoſes.*

Flor. Belville!

Ped. (Behind.) Here, Stephano! Carlos!

Flor. Heav'ns! my brother too is coming, and 'twill be impoſſible to eſcape.——Belville, I conjure you to walk under my chamber window, from whence I'll give you ſome inſtructions what to do——this rude man has undone us. [*Exit* Belville.

Ped. (Behind.) This way! This way!

Will. Belville! [*Following him with* Frederick.

[Florinda *waits at the ſide of the garden, and ſlips in as ſoon as* Pedro *enters.*]

Enter PEDRO, STEPHANO, *and two Servants with Lights.*

Ped. I'm betray'd! run, Stephano, and ſee if Florinda be ſafe. [*Exit* Stephano.
There were men here——all is not well; I'll to Florinda's chamber. [*Going out, meets* Stephano.

Steph. You need not, Sir; the poor lady's faſt aſleep, and thinks no harm. I wou'd not awake her, Sir, for fear of frighting her with your danger.

Ped. I'm glad ſhe's there.——Raſcals, how came the garden door open?

Steph. That queſtion comes too late, Sir; ſome of my fellow ſervants maſquerading, I'll warrant.

Ped. Maſquerading! a lewd cuſtom to debauch our youth——There's ſomething more in this than I imagine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Street.*

Enter BELVILLE *in Rage*—FREDERICK *holding him, and* WILLMORE *melancholy.*

Will. Why, how the devil ſhou'd I know Florinda?

Bel. Ah! plague of your ignorance! if it had not been Florinda, muſt you be a beaſt?——a brute?—a ſenſeleſs ſwine?

Will. Well, Sir, you ſee I am endowed with patience—I can bear—tho' egad, y'are very free with me, methinks.——I was in good hopes the quarrel wou'd have been on my ſide, for ſo uncivilly interrupting me.

Bel. Peace, brute! whilſt thou'rt ſafe——oh, I'm diſtracted!

Will. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky dog, that's certain.

Bel. Ah, curſe upon the ſtar that rul'd my birth, or whatſoever other influence that makes me ſtill ſo wretched!

Will. Thou break'ſt my heart with theſe complaints; there is no ſtar in fault, no influence but ſack, the curs'd ſack I drank.

Fred. Why how the devil came you ſo drunk?

Will. Why, how the devil came you ſo ſober?

Bel.

Bel. A curſe upon his thin ſkull; he was always before-hand that way.

Fred. Prithee, dear Colonel, forgive him; he's ſorry for his fault.

Bel. He's always ſo, after he has done a miſchief—a plague on all ſuch brutes.

Will. By this light, I took her for an errant harlot.

Bel. Damn your debauch'd opinion! Tell me ſot, had'ſt thou ſo much ſenſe and light about thee to diſtinguiſh her a woman, and could'ſt not ſee ſomething about her face and perſon, to ſtrike an awful reverence thro' thy ſoul!

Will. No, upon my ſoul; I conſider'd her as mere a woman as I could wiſh.

Bel. 'Sdeath, I have no patience—draw, or I'll kill you.

Will. Let that alone till to-morrow; and if I ſet not all right again, uſe your pleaſure.

Bel. To-morrow! damn it.
The ſpiteful light will lead me to no happineſs.
To-morrow is Antonio's; and, perhaps,
Guides him to my undoing.————Oh, that I could
meet this rival! this powerful fortunate.

Will. What then?

Bel. Let thy own reaſon, or my rage, inſtruct thee.

Will. I ſhall be finely inform'd then, no doubt.—Hear me, Colonel—hear me—ſhew me the man, and I'll do his buſineſs.

Bel. I know him no more than thou; or if I did, I ſhould not need thy aid.—I'll now plant myſelf under Florinda's window; and if I find no comfort there, I'll die.

[*Exeunt* Belville *and* Frederick.

Will. This is Angelica's houſe—I promis'd the kind baggage to be with her to-night.—

Enter ANTONIO *and his* Page.—*Page knocks at the door.*
Who the Devil have we here!

Enter MORETTA *in the Balcony.*

Moret. Page!

Page. Here's my lord.

Will. How is this! a picaroon going to board my frigate!—Draw, Sir—here's one chaſe-gun for you.

[Antonio *turns and draws. They fight*—Antonio *falls.*]

Page. Help! murder! my maſter's kill'd! [*Exit.*

Will. How! kill'd! I hope not—but I had beſt get out of the way. [*Exit.*

Officer. (Behind.) Follow! follow!

Re-enter BELVILLE *with his ſword drawn.*

Bel. The rogue's engaged in ſome unlucky adventure—Pray Heav'n, he be ſafe, for all my quarrel to him.

Enter an Officer and four Soldiers.

Sold. Who's there?

Offic. (Goes to Antonio) So, here's one diſpatched—ſecure the murderer,

Bel. Do not miſtake my charity for murder; I came to his aſſiſtance. [*Soldiers ſeize on Belville.*

Offic. That ſhall be try'd, Sir—St. Iago, Swords drawn in the Carnival time!

Ant. Thy hand, prithee.

Offic. Ha! Don Antonio! look well to the villain, there—How is it, Sir?

Ant. I'm hurt.

Bel. Has my humanity made me a criminal?

Ant. This man has ſet upon me twice—bring him to my houſe, till you have farther orders from me.

Offic. Away with him.

Bel. What a curſt chance is this!

[*Exeunt Soldiers with* Belville; Antonio *led by the Officer.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. WHEN ſhall I be weary of railing on Fortune? who is reſolv'd never to turn with ſmiles upon me.—Two ſuch defeats in one night—none but the devil and that mad rogue could have contrived to plague me with—I am here a priſoner——but where, Heav'n knows——and if there be murder done, I can ſoon decide the fate of a ſtranger in a nation without mercy—yet this is nothing to the torture my ſoul bows with, when I think of loſing my fair, my dear Florinda——hark!——my door opens—a man—and ſeems of quality—arm'd too!—now ſhall I die like a dog without defence.

Enter ANTONIO, *his arm in a ſcarf, and a ſword under his arm.*

Ant. Sir, I come to know what injuries I have done you, that could provoke you to ſo mean an action, as to attack me baſely, without allowing time for my defence?

Bel. For a man in my circumſtances to plead innocence would look like fear—but view me well, and you will find no marks of coward on me; nor any thing that betrays that brutality which you accuſe me of.

Ant. In vain, Sir, you impoſe upon my ſenſe.
You are not only he who drew on me laſt night,
But yeſterday before the ſame houſe, that of Angelica.
Yet there is ſomething in your face and mien
That makes me wiſh I were miſtaken.

Bel. I own I fought to-day in the defence of a friend of

mine, with whom you (if you're the ſame) and your party were firſt engag'd:
Perhaps you think this crime enough to kill me;
But, if you do, I cannot fear you'll do it baſely.

Ant. No, Sir; I'll make you fit for a defence with this.
[*Gives him the ſword.*

Bel. This gallantry ſurpriſes me—nor know I how to uſe this preſent, Sir, againſt a man ſo brave.

Ant. You ſhall not need:
For know, I come to ſnatch you from a danger
That is decreed againſt you—
Perhaps your life, or long impriſonment;
And 'twas with ſo much courage you offended,
I cannot ſee you puniſh'd.

Bel. How ſhall I pay this generoſity?

Ant. It had been ſafer to have kill'd another
Than have attempted me:
To ſhew your danger, Sir, I'll let you know my quality:
And 'tis the Viceroy's ſon whom you have wounded.

Bel. The Viceroy's ſon!—Antonio!
Death and confuſion! was this plague reſerv'd
To complete all the reſt——obliged by him!
The man of all the world I would deſtroy. [*Aſide.*

Ant. You ſeem diſorder'd, Sir.

Bel. Yes, truſt me, Sir, I am; and 'tis with pain
That man receives ſuch bounties,
Who wants the power to pay 'em back again.

Ant. To gallant ſpirits 'tis indeed uneaſy;
——But you may quickly overpay me, Sir.

Bel. Then I am well.—Kind Heav'n! but ſet us ev'n,
That I may fight with him, and keep my honor ſafe. [*Aſide.*
——Oh! I'm impatient, Sir, to be diſcounting
The mighty debt I owe you; command me quickly——

Ant. I have a quarrel with a rival, Sir,
About the maid we love.

Bel. Death! 'tis Florinda he means. [*Aſide.*

Ant. He challenged me to meet him on the Molo,
As ſoon as day appear'd; but laſt night's quarrel
Has made my arm unfit to guide a ſword.

Bel. I apprehend you, Sir; you'd have me kill the man
That lays a claim to the maid you ſpeak of.

I'll

I'll do't—I'll fly to do't!

Ant. Sir, do you know her?

Bel. No, Sir; but 'tis enough ſhe's admir'd by you.

Ant. Sir, I ſhall rob you of the glory of't;
For you muſt fight under my name and dreſs.
—Come, Sir, the day appears that calls you forth.
—Within, Sir, is the habit. [*Exit.*

Bel. Fantaſtic Fortune, thou deceitful light,
That cheat'ſt the wearied traveller by night;
Though on a precipice each ſtep you tread,
I am reſolv'd to follow where you lead. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Molo.*

Enter FLORINDA *and* STEPHANO.

Flor. I'm dying with my fears: Belville's not coming, as I expected, under my window, makes me believe that all thoſe fears are true. [*Aſide.*] Canſt thou not tell with whom my brother fights?

Steph. No, Madam; they were both in maſquerade: I was by when they challenged one another, and they had decided the quarrel then, but were prevented by ſome cavaliers; which made them put it off till now—— But I am ſure 'tis about you they fight.

Flor. Nay, then, 'tis with Belville; for what other lover have I that dares fight for me, except Antonio, and he is too much in favour with my brother——If it be he, for whom ſhall I direct my prayers to Heaven! [*Aſide.*

Steph. Madam, I muſt leave you; for if my maſter ſee me, I ſhall be hanged for being your conductor——— 'eſcaped narrowly for the excuſe I made for you laſt night in the garden.

Flor. And I'll reward thee for't.——Prithee, no more.

Exit Steph.

Enter DON PEDRO *in his domino, &c.*

Ped. Antonio's late to-day; the place will fill, and we may be prevented.

Flor. Antonio!——Sure I heard amiſs. [*Aſide.*

Ped. But who will not excuſe a happy lover,

When

When ſoft fair arms confine the yielding neck;
And the kind whiſper languiſhingly breathes,
——Muſt you be gone ſo ſoon?——
Sure I had dwelt for ever on her boſom.
——But, ſtay; he's here.

Enter BELVILLE *in* ANTONIO's *domino, &c.*

Flor. 'Tis not Belville: half my fears are vaniſhed.
Bel. This muſt be he. [*Aſide.*
You're early, Sir—I do not uſe to be out-done this way.
Ped. The wretched, Sir, are watchful; and 'tis enough
You've the advantage of me in Angelica.
Bel. Angelica!
Or I've miſtook my man, or elſe Antonio has.
——Can he forget his int'reſt in Florinda,
And fight for common prize? [*Aſide.*
Ped. Come, Sir, you know our terms——
Bel. By Heav'n, not I. [*Aſide.*
——No talking; I am ready, Sir.
[*Offers to fight*; Flor. *runs between 'em.*
Flor. Oh, hold! Whoe'er you be, I do conjure you, hold!
If you ſtrike here—I die— *To* Bel.
Ped. Florinda!
Bel. Florinda imploring for my rival!
Ped. Away; this kindneſs is unſeaſonable.
[*Puts her by*; *they fight*: Bel. *diſarms* Pedro.
Flor. Who are you, Sir, that dares deny my prayers?
Bel. Thy pray'rs deſtroy him:
If thou would'ſt preſerve him,
Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curſe him.
[*She holds him.*
Flor. By all you hold moſt dear, by her you love!
I do conjure you, touch him not.
Bel. By her I love!——
See—I obey—and at your feet reſign
The uſeleſs trophy of my victory.
[*Lays his ſword at her feet.*
Ped. Antonio, you've done enough to prove you love Florinda.
Bel. Love Florinda!——

Does

Does Heav'n love adoration! pray'r! or penitence!——
Love her!——Here, Sir—your ſword again.
[*Snatches up the ſword, and gives it him.*
Upon this truth, I'll fight my life away.
[Flor. *runs between them.*

Ped. No; you've redeemed my ſiſter, and my friendſhip.
[*He pulls off his vizor, to ſhew his face.*

Bel. Don Pedro!

Ped. Can you reſign your claims to other women,
And give your heart intirely to Florinda?

Bel. Intire! as dying ſaints confeſſions are!
I can delay my happineſs no longer:
This minute let me make Florinda mine!

Ped. This minute let it be——no time ſo proper;
This night my father will arrive from Rome,
And poſſibly may hinder what we purpoſe.

Flor. Oh Heav'ns! this minute!

Enter Maſqueraders, and paſs over.

Ped. The place begins to fill; and, that we may not be obſerved, do you walk to St. Peter's church, where I will meet you, and conclude your happineſs.

Bel. I'll meet you there——if there be no more Saints churches in Naples. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Oh! ſtay, Sir, and recall your haſty doom:
Alas! I have not yet prepared my heart
To entertain ſo ſtrange a gueſt.

Ped. Away; this ſilly modeſty is aſſum'd too late.

Bel. Heaven, Madam, what do you do?

Flor. Do! deſpiſe the man that lays a tyrant's claim
To what he ought to conquer by ſubmiſſion.

Bel. You do not know me——
See—'tis your Belville—not Antonio—
Whom your miſtaken ſcorn and anger ruins.
[*Pulls off his vizor, and puts it on again.*

Flor. Belville!——
Where was my ſoul, it could not meet thy voice,
And take this knowledge in!

Enter

Enter WILLMORE, *finely dreſſed.*

Will. No intelligence! no news of Belville yet!——Well, I am the moſt unlucky raſcal in nature——Ha!—am I deceived—or is it he——'Tis he——Belville—My dear Belville!

[*Runs to embrace him, and knocks his maſk off.*

Bel. Hell and confuſion ſeize thee!

Ped. Ha! Belville!—I beg your pardon, Sir.

[*Takes* Flor. *from him.*

Bel. Nay, touch her not; ſhe's mine by conqueſt, Sir; I won her by the ſword.

Will. Did'ſt thou ſo?—And, egad, we'll keep her by the ſword. [*Draws.*

Bel. Stand off;
Thou'rt ſo profanely lewd, ſo curs'd by Heav'n,
All quarrels thou eſpouſeſt muſt be fatal.

Will. Nay, an' you be ſo hot, my valour's coy, and ſhall be courted when you want it next.

Bel. You know I ought to claim a victor's right;
But you're the brother to divine Florinda,
To whom I'm ſuch a ſlave——to purchaſe her,
I durſt not hurt the man ſhe holds ſo dear!

Ped. 'Twas by Antonio's, not by Belville's ſword.
This queſtion ſhould have been decided, Sir.
I muſt confeſs, much to your bravery's due,
Both now, and when I met you laſt in arms
But I am nicely punctual in my word,
As men of honour ought, and beg your pardon.
—For this miſtake, another time ſhall clear.
—This was ſome plot between you and Belville:
But I'll prevent you. [*Exeunt* Ped. *and* Flor.

[Bel. *looks after her, and begins to walk up and down in rage.*

Will. Do not be modeſt, now, and loſe the woman: but if I ſhall fetch her back, ſo——

Bel. Do not ſpeak to me——

Will. Not ſpeak to you!——Egad, I will ſpeak to you, and will be anſwered too.

Bel. Will you, Sir?——

Wil.

Will. I know I've done ſome miſchief; but I'm ſo dull a puppy, that, hang me, if I know how, or where——— Prithee inform my underſtanding.

Bel. Leave me, I ſay; and leave me inſtantly.

Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my crime.

Bel. Death! I'll tell you, Sir——[*Draws and runs at* Will. *he runs out*, Bel. *after him.*]

Enter ANGELICA *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ang. Ha!——Sebaſtian———
Is not that Willmore?—Haſte, haſte, and bring him back.
[*Exit* Seb.

Ang. I am all rage! My firſt deſire's defeated,
For one, for ought he knows, that has no
Other merit than her quality—
Her being Don Pedro's ſiſter.——He loves her;
Falſe, perjur'd man!
—He, that but yeſterday fought for my favours,
And would have made his life a ſacrifice to me,
Muſt now be woo'd and courted to my arms.

Enter WILLMORE *and* SEBASTIAN;

ANGELICA *turns, and walks away.*

Will. 'Gad, I could hardly pacify him.— [*Exit* Seb.
How now, turn'd ſhadow!
Fly when I purſue, and follow when I fly!

Stay, gentle ſhadow of my dove,
And tell me, ere I go,
Whether the ſubſtance may not prove,
A fleeting thing like you.

[*She turns, and looks on him.*
There's a ſoft kind look remaining yet.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may be gay; all happineſs, all joys, purſue you ſtill! Fortune's your ſlave, and gives you every hour choice of new hearts and beauties, till you are cloyed with the repeated bliſs, which others vainly languiſh for.— But know, falſe man! that I ſhall be revenged.—
[*Turns away in rage.*

Will.

Will. There are ſome faint-hearted lovers now, whom ſuch a ſharp leſſon next their hearts would frighten into an ague —Plague o'this whining!—My buſineſs is to laugh and love—I hate your ſullen lover—A man ſhall loſe as much time to put you in humour now, as would ſerve to gain a new woman.

Ang. Begone! Go to your virtuous miſtreſs.

Will. Virtuous miſtreſs! Ha! ha! ha! What a thing thou haſt found out for me! Why, what the devil ſhould I do with a virtuous miſtreſs?—A ſort of ill-natured creatures that take a pride to torment a lover.——Now for a lie to ſoothe her. [*Aſide.*]—Virtue, as you call it, is but an infirmity in women, that renders even the handſome ungracious; whilſt the unhandſome, for want of ſolicitations and addreſs, only fancy themſelves ſo.

Ang. I will not anſwer for your miſtreſs's virtue,
Though ſhe be young enough to know no guilt;
And I could wiſh you would perſuade my heart
'Twas the two hundred thouſand crowns you courted.

Will. Two hundred thouſand crowns! What ſtory's this?—What trick?—What woman?—ha!

Ang. How ſtrange you make it; have you forgot the creature you entertained on the Piazza laſt night?

Will. Ha! My little gipſey! Better and better! This proves I have not given my heart to a common thing—I thought ſhe was a woman of quality.—I long to be with her. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Falſe man! I ſee my ruin in thy face.
How many vows you breath'd upon my boſom,
Never to be unjuſt!—Have you forgot ſo ſoon?

Will. Faith, no; I was juſt going to repeat them—But here's a humour indeed—would make a man a ſaint.—Would ſhe would be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter HELENA, *dreſſed in man's clothes.*

Hel. This muſt be Angelica——Aye, aye, 'tis ſhe—My mad Captain's with her too, for all his ſwearing——How this inconſtant humour makes me love him!——Something I'll do to vex him for this [*Aſide.*]——Madam, I have a meſſage to you.

Ang.

Ang. I cannot liſten to you.

Will. Not liſten to him! He comes from ſome new lover ——I'll begone—and wait your idler minutes——Can I ſhew leſs obedience to the thing I love ſo fondly?

[*Offers to go.*

Ang. A fine excuſe, this!—Stay——
Come hither, boy——That I may let you ſee
How much above the advantages you name
I prize one minute's joy with you——

Will. Death! How ſhall I get away! [*Aſide.*——
Madam, 'twill not be fit I ſhould be ſeen with you—Beſides, I've a friend that's down in the meaſles, and I muſt viſit him.

Ang. I ſee you're impatient——yet you ſhall ſtay.

Will. And miſs my aſſignation with my gipſy.

[*Aſide, impatiently.*

Hel. Madam,
You'll hardly pardon my intruſion,
When you ſhall know my buſineſs!
And I'm too young to tell my tale with art;
But there muſt be a wond'rous ſtore of goodneſs,
Where ſo much beauty dwells.

Ang. A pretty advocate, whoever ſent thee.
Prithee proceed.——Nay, Sir, you ſhall not go.

[*To* Will. *who is ſtealing off.*

Will. Then I ſhall loſe my dear gipſy for ever—Plague on't, ſhe ſtays me out of ſpite. [*Aſide.*

Hel. I am related to a Lady, Madam,
Young, rich, and nobly born, but has the fate
To be in love with a young Engliſh Gentleman.
Strangely ſhe loves him! At firſt ſight ſhe lov'd him,
But did adore him, when ſhe heard him ſpeak;
For he, ſhe ſaid, had charms in every word,
That fail'd not to ſurpriſe, to wound, and conquer.

Will. In all probability this concerns me. [*Aſide.*

Ang. 'Tis my falſe man, he means—Would he were gone. This praiſe will raiſe his pride, and ruin me. [*Aſide.*] Well,
Since you are ſo impatient to be gone,
I will releaſe you, Sir. [*To* Will.

Will. Nay, then, 'twas me he ſpoke of—— [*Aſide.*
——No, Madam, I've conſider'd better on it,

And will not give you ſo much cauſe of jealouſy.

Ang. But Sir, I've—buſineſs that——

Will. It won't do—I know this is but to try me——
Go on, little Gentleman.

Ang. Well, to your ſtory, boy—though 'twill undo me.
[*Aſide.*

Hel. With this addition to his other beauties,
He won her unreſiſting tender heart;
He vow'd, and ſigh'd and ſwore, he lov'd her dearly—

Will. That is ſo like me. [*Aſide.*

Hel. And ſhe believed the cunning flatterer,
And thought herſelf the happieſt maid alive:
To-day was the appointed time by both
To conſummate their bliſs;
The virgin, altar, and the prieſt were dreſs'd;
And, whilſt ſhe languiſh'd for th'expected bridegroom,
She heard he paid his broken vows to you.

Ang. Now I perceive
The cauſe of thy impatience to be gone,
And all the buſineſs of this glorious dreſs.

Will. Damn the young prater, I know not what he means.

Hel. Madam,
In your fair eyes I read too much concern,
To tell my farther buſineſs.

Ang. Prithee, ſweet youth, talk on; Thou may'ſt perhaps
Raiſe here a ſtorm that may undo my paſſion;
And then I'll grant your Lady any thing.

Hel. Madam, 'tis to intreat you—oh, unreaſonable—
You would not ſee this ſtranger;
For if you do, ſhe vows you are undone:
Though Nature never made a man ſo excellent;
And ſure he'd been a god, but for inconſtancy.

Will. 'Tis plain; ſome Lady that has ſeen me *en paſſant.*

Ang. Oh, I ſhall burſt with jealouſy! Do you know the man you ſpeak of?

Hel. Yes, Madam; he uſed to be in blue and white,

Ang. Thou falſe as hell, what canſt thou ſay to this?
[*To* Will.

Will. By Heaven——

Ang. Hold, do not damn thyſelf——

Hel. Nor hope to be believ'd. [*He walks about, they follow.*

Ang.

Ang. Oh perjur'd man!
Is't thus you pay my gen'rous paſſion back?
Hel. Why would you, Sir, abuſe my Lady's faith?—
Ang. And uſe me ſo inhumanly?
Hel. A maid ſo young, ſo innocent———
Ang. Doſt thou not know thy life is in my pow'r?
Hel. Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?
Ang. Now thou art ſilent, guilt has ſtruck thee dumb.
Oh, hadſt thou ſtill been ſo, I'd liv'd in ſafety.
[*She runs away, and weeps.*
Will. The Lady's name and houſe, you rogue?———quickly:—I'm impatient to be with her.
[*Aſide to* Helena; *looks towards* Angelica *to watch her turning, and as ſhe comes towards them he meets her.*
Hel. So, now is he for another woman. [*Aſide.*
Will. The impudenteſt young thing in nature;
I cannot perſuade him out of his error, Madam.
Ang. I know he's in the right——yet thou'ſt a tongue
That would perſuade him to deny his faith.
[*Walks away in rage.*
Will. Her name, her name, dear boy!
[*Softly to* Hel.
Hel. Have you forgot it, Sir?
Will. Yes, yes, I do know—but—I have forgot the—
[Angel. *turns.*
———Such early confidence I never ſaw.
Ang. Did I not charge you with this miſtreſs, Sir?
Which you deny'd, though I beheld your perjury.
This little generoſity of thine has rendered back my heart.
[*Walks away.*
Will. So, you have made ſweet work here, my little miſchief;
Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd, now, or
I ſhall have but a curs'd bargain on't.
[Angel. *turns towards them.*
——The rogue's bred up to miſchief;——Her name, her name?———
Art thou ſo great a fool to credit him?
Ang. Yes, I do; and you in vain impoſe upon me.
—Come hither, boy—Is not this he you ſpoke of?

Hel. I think it is; I cannot ſwear—but I vow he has juſt ſuch another lying lover's look.

[Hel. *looks in his face, he gazes on her.*

Will. Hah! do not I know that face!———
My little gipſy—What a dull dog was I!
———Egad, if I do not fit thee for this———
Madam, I have found out the plot,

Hel. Oh Lord, what does he ſay! Am I diſcovered now!

Will. Do you ſee this young ſpark here?

Hel. He'll tell her who I am.

Will. Who do you think this is?

Hel. Nay, dear Captain! I am undone if you diſcover me.

Will. Nay, nay, ſhe ſhall know what a precious miſtreſs I have.

Hel. Will you be ſuch a devil?

Will. I'll teach you to ſpoil ſport you will not make.——
This ſmall ambaſſador comes not from a perſon of quality, as you imagine, and he ſays; but from a very arrant gipſy, the talking'ſt, prating'ſt, uglieſt little devil, you ever clapp'd your eyes on.

Ang. What news you tell me—That's the thing I mean.

Hel. Would I were off the place! If ever I go a captain-hunting again——— [*Aſide.*

Will. Mean that thing! that gipſy thing? Thou mayſt as well be jealous of thy monkey or parrot as of her—a creature of a conſtitution fitter for heaven than man.

Hel. Though I'm ſure he lies, yet this vexes me. [*Aſide.*

Will. You may return, my little brazen-face, and tell your Lady, that till ſhe be handſome enough to be beloved, or I dull enough to be religious, there will be ſmall hopes of me.

Ang. Did you not promiſe, then, to marry her?

Will. Not I. Her! marry her! that thing?

Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vowed you will not marry her.

Hel. If he ſwears that, he'll be reveng'd on me indeed for all my rogueries. [*Aſide.*

Ang. I know what arguments you'll bring againſt me—fortune, and honour.

Will. Honour! I tell you, I hate it in your ſex; and thoſe that fancy themſelves poſſeſſed of that foppery, are the

the moſt impertinently troubleſome of all womankind, and will tranſgreſs nine hundred and ninety-nine commandments to keep one——and, to ſatisfy your jealouſy, I ſwear——

Hel. Oh, no ſwearing, dear Captain. [*Aſide to him.*

Will. I will—I will ſwear,——By——

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Madam, Don Antonio.

Ang. Come hither,

Hel. Ha! Antonio: he may be coming hither; and he'll certainly diſcover me; I'll therefore retire without ceremony. [*Exit* Helena.

Ang. Get my coach ready.

Seb. It waits you, Madam. [*Exit.*

Will. This is lucky.—What, Madam, now I may be gone, and leave you to my rival?

Ang. Dull man, that canſt not ſee how ill, how poor,
That falſe diſſimulation looks——Begone,
And never let me ſee that cozening face again,
Leſt I relapſe, and kill thee. [*Exit.*

Will. Farewell, till you're in better humour—I'm glad of this releaſe——Now for my gipſy:

For though I wildly roam from fair to fair,
I feel ſhe holds unrivall'd empire here. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter FLORINDA, *and* VALERIA, *in dominos.*

Flor. WE'RE happily eſcaped, and yet I tremble ſtill.

Val.——But to our buſineſs—I delivered your note to Belville, when I got out under pretence of going to maſs;

I found him at his lodging, and believe it came ſeaſonably; for never was man in ſo deſperate a condition: I told him of your reſolution of making your eſcape to-day, if your brother ſhould be abſent long enough to permit you; if not, to die, rather than be Antonio's.

Flor. Thou ſhould'ſt have told him I was confin'd to my chamber, upon my brother's ſuſpicion that the buſineſs on the Molo was a plot laid between him and me.

Val. I ſaid all this, and told him your brother was now gone to his devotion, and he reſolves to viſit every church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but careſs him ſo as ſhall delay his return home.

Flor. Oh, Heavens! He's here, and Belville with him too. [*They put on their vizards.*

Enter Don PEDRO, BELVILLE, WILLMORE; BELVILLE *and* Don PEDRO *ſeeming in ſerious diſcourſe.*

Val. Walk boldly by them, and I'll come at a diſtance, leſt he ſuſpect us.

[Florinda *walks by them, looks back on them, and exit.*

Will. Hah! a woman, of an excellent mien.

Ped. She throws a kind look back on you.

Will. 'Tis a likely wench; and that kind look ſhall not be caſt away———I'll follow her.

Bel. Prithee, do not.

Will. Not? to the Antipodes, with ſuch an invitation.

[*Exit* Willmore; Valeria *following.*

Bel. 'Tis a mad fellow for a wench.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Oh, Colonel, ſuch news!

Bel. Prithee, what?

Fred. News that will make you laugh, in ſpite of fortune.

Bel. What, Blunt has had ſome trick put upon him?

Fred. Cheated, Sir, rarely cheated of all, to his very ſhirt; the unconſcionable wench too, turned him out into the ſtreets, at midnight; the watch found him in this freſco, and conducted him home. By Heaven, 'tis ſuch a ſight; and yet I durſt as well been hanged, as laugh at him, or pity him: he beats all that do but aſk him a queſtion; and is in ſuch an humour!

Ped.

Ped. Who is't has met with ſuch ill uſage, Sir?

Bel. A friend of ours, whom you muſt ſee for mirth's ſake.—I'll employ him to give Florinda time for her eſcape. [*Aſide.*

Ped. What is he?

Bel. A young countryman of ours; one that has been educated at ſo plentiful a rate, he yet ne'er knew the want of money; and 'twill be a great jeſt to ſee how ſimply he'll look without it; for my part I'll lend him none; and the rogue knows not how to put on a borrowing face, and aſk firſt—Prithee, Frederick, do you run before, and keep him in that poſture till we come: [*Exit Fred.* I'll let him ſee how good 'tis to play our parts, while I play his. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

Enter FLORINDA, *looking behind her.*

Flor. I am followed ſtill——ha!——my brother coming this way too.—Good Heavens, defend me from being ſeen by him. [*Exit.*

Enter WILLMORE, *and after him* VALERIA, *at a little diſtance.*

Will. Ah! There ſhe ſails; ſhe looks back, as ſhe were willing to be boarded; I'll warrant her prize. [*Exit* Valeria *following.*

Enter HELENA, *with a Page.*

Hel. Hah, is not that my Captain, that has a woman in chaſe?——'Tis not Angelica; boy, follow thoſe people at a diſtance; and bring me an account where they go in,—— [*Exit Page.* I'll find his haunts, and plague him every where—ha!—my brother. [*Exit.*

Enter BELVILLE, *and* PEDRO—*They croſs the ſtage.*

SCENE III. *Another Street.*

Enter FLORINDA.

Flor. What ſhall I do! My brother ſtill purſues me. Will no kind power protect me from this tyranny?

—hah,

—hah, here's a door open; I'll venture in; ſince nothing can be worſe than to fall into his hands: my life and honour is at ſtake, and my neceſſity has no choice. [*Exit.*

Enter VALERIA; *and* HELENA's *Page peeping after* FLORINDA.

Page. Here ſhe went in; I ſhall remember this houſe. [*Exit.*

Val. This is Belville's lodging; ſhe's gone in as readily as if ſhe knew it,—hah—here's that mad fellow again: I dare not venture in——I'll watch my opportunity. [*Exit.*

Enter WILLMORE, *gazing about him.*

Will. I have loſt her hereabouts—Plague on't, ſhe muſt not eſcape me ſo.

SCENE IV. BLUNT's *Chamber.*

BLUNT *diſcovered, ſitting on a Couch in his Shirt, reading.*

Blunt. So, now my mind's a little at peace, ſince I have reſolved revenge——A plague on this taylor, though, for not bringing home the clothes I beſpoke; and a plague of all poor friends; a man can never keep a ſpare ſuit for 'em; and I ſhall have theſe rogues come in and find me naked, and then I'm undone; but I'm reſolved to arm myſelf—— the raſcals ſhall not inſult over me too much. [*Puts on an old ruſty ſword, and buff belt.*]——Now, how like a morrice-dancer, I'm equipt——a fine lady to cheat me thus; I ſhall never be reconcil'd to the ſex more; ſhe has made me as faithleſs as a phyſician, as uncharitable as a churchman, and as ill-natured as a poet.——Here's a curſed book too, (a warning to all young travellers) that can inſtruct me how to prevent ſuch miſchiefs, now 'tis too late; well, 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as hawk and hunt. [*Sits down again, and reads.*

Enter FLORINDA.

Flor. This houſe is haunted ſure; 'tis well furniſhed, and no living thing inhabits it;—hah—a man, heavens how he is attired! Sure 'tis ſome fencing-maſter; I tremble for fear,

fear, and yet I muſt venture now to ſpeak to him———— Sir, if I may not interrupt your meditations————

[*He ſtarts up and gazes.*

Blunt. Hah—what's here! are my wiſhes granted? and is not that a ſhe creature? adſheartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou?——hah!

Flor. Charitable Sir, you've told yourſelf already what I am; a very wretched maid, forced by a ſtrange unlucky accident, to ſeek a ſafety here, and muſt be ruined if you do not grant it.

Blunt. Ruined! Is there any ruin ſo inevitable, as that which now threatens me? doſt thou know, miſerable woman! into what den of miſchiefs thou art fallen? what abyſs of confuſion—

Flor. Can you be ſo cruel as to————

Blunt. Cruel! Adſheartlikins as a galley-ſlave.— Come along—or I ſhall———— [*Pulls her.*

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Hah! What's here to do?

Flor. Sir, I have ſeen you with Belville: for his ſake uſe me kindly; and you know him, Sir.

Blunt. Belville? Why yes, ſweeting, we do know Belville, and wiſh he were with us now.

Flor. Sir, if you have any eſteem for that Belville, I conjure you to treat me with more gentleneſs; he'll thank you for the juſtice.

Fred. Fear nothing, madam,—Harkye, Blunt, I doubt we are miſtaken in this matter.

Flor. Sir, if you find me not worth Belville's care, uſe me as you pleaſe; and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten——pray take this preſent——

[*Gives him a ring: he looks on it.*

Blunt. Hum!—A diamond! Why it is a wonderful virtue now, that lies in this ring; a mollifying virtue: adſheartlikins, there's more perſuaſive rhetoric in't, than all her ſex can utter.

Fred. Faith, Blunt, I begin to believe this is a woman of quality, and ſhe muſt be treated with reſpect, till ſhe gives us leave to know where we may conduct her.

Blunt.

Blunt. Thou art a credulous fellow, but 'ſheartlikins, I have no faith yet; why, my ſaint prattled as parlouſly as this does; ſhe gave me a bracelet too—a devil on her—but I ſent my man to ſell it to-day, for neceſſaries, and it proved as counterfeit as her vows of love.

Fred. However let it reprieve her till we ſee Belville.

Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is juſt come in, with a Spaniard of quality, and talks of having you to dinner with 'em.

Blunt. 'Dſheartlikins, I'm undone——I would not ſee 'em for the world. Harkye, Frederick, lock her up in your chamber.

Fred. Fear nothing, madam, whate'er he threatens, you are ſafe whilſt in my hands. [*Exit* Fred. *and* Flor.

Blunt. And, ſirrah—upon your life, ſay—I'm not at home——or that I'm aſleep—or—or any thing—away. [*Ex. Boy.* I'll prevent their coming this way. [*Locks the door.*

[*A knocking at the chamber door.*

Bel. (Without) Ned, Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.

Blunt. The rogues are up in arms, 'Sheartlikins, this villainous Frederick has betrayed me; they have heard of my bleſſed fortune.

Will. (Without) Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned. [*Knocking without.* Why, he's dead, Sir—without diſpute dead:—he has not been ſeen to-day. Let's break open the door—Here,—boy!

Blunt. Ha! break open the door!—'dſheartlikins, that mad fellow will be as good as his word.

Bel. (Without) Boy, bring ſomething to force the door.

[*A great noiſe without at the door again.*

Blunt. So, now muſt I ſpeak in my own defence: I'll try what rhetoric will do—hold!—hold!—What do you mean, gentlemen? what do you mean?

Will. (Without) Oh! rogue, art alive? prithee open the door, and convince us.

Blunt. Yes, I'm alive, gentlemen: but at preſent a little buſy.

Bel. (Without) How!—Blunt grown a man of buſineſs!—Come, come, open, and let's ſee this miracle.

Blunt. No, no, no, no! Gentlemen, 'tis no great buſineſs—but

—but—I am—at—my devotion———'Sheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

Bel. (Without) Turn'd religious!——a greater wonder than the firſt; therefore open quickly, or we ſhall unhinge, we ſhall———

Blunt. This won't do.———Why, harkye, Colonel, to tell you the plain truth, I have a wench with me—you apprehend me?———The devil's in't, if they'll be ſo uncivil as to diſturb me now.

Will. (Without) How! A wench? Nay, then, we muſt enter—unleſs it be your lady of quality, and then we'll keep our diſtance.

Blunt. So! the buſineſs is out!

Will. (Without) Come, come, lend more hands to the door—now, heave all together—ſo—well done, my boys!

[*They break open the door.*

Enter BELVILLE, WILLMORE *and* PEDRO *at one Door;* FREDERICK *at the other.* BLUNT *looks ſimply; they all laugh at him; he lays his hand on his ſword, and comes up to* WILLMORE.

Blunt. Harkye, Sir, laugh out your laugh quickly, and be gone. I ſhall ſpoil your ſport elſe. Adſheartlikins. Sir, I ſhall—The jeſt has been carried on too long———A plague upon my taylor! [*Aſide.*

Will. Sdeath! How the ſtrumpet has dreſt him!—Faith, Sir, I'm ſorry——

Blunt. Are you ſo, Sir? Keep't to yourſelf, then, Sir, I adviſe you; do you hear—for I can as little endure your pity as your mirth. [*Lays his hand on his ſword.*

Bel. Indeed, Willmore, thou wert a little too rough with Ned Blunt's miſtreſs: call a perſon of quality ſtrumpet! and one ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo generous! Ha! ha! ha!———

Blunt. Harkye, Sir; you know me, and know I can be angry; have a care——for, adſheartlikins, I can fight too—I can, Sir——do you mark me?——no more!

Bel. Why ſo peeviſh, good Ned?—Some diſappointments, I'll warrant——What, did the jealous Count, her huſband, return juſt in the nick?

Blunt. Or the devil, Sir!——d'ye laugh?

Look

Look you ſettle me a good ſober countenance, and that quickly too, or you ſhall know Ned Blunt is not———

Bel. Not every body; we know that.

Ped. Sir.

Blunt. Well, Sir!

Ped. Though I'm a ſtranger to you, I'm aſham'd at the rudeneſs of my nation; and, could you learn who did it, would aſſiſt you to make an example of 'em.

Blunt. Why ay, there's one ſpeaks ſenſe now, and handſomely: and let me tell you, gentlemen, I ſhould not have ſhew'd myſelf like a Jack Pudding, thus, to have made you mirth, but that I have revenge within my power; for know, I have got into my poſſeſſion a female, who had better have fallen under any curſe, than the ruin I deſign her: adſheartlikins, ſhe aſſaulted me here, in my own lodgings, and had doubtleſs raviſhed me, had not this ſword defended me.

Fred. I know not that; but o'my conſcience thou had'ſt been very uncivil to her, had ſhe not redeem'd herſelf with a ring. Let's ſee it, Blunt. [Blunt *ſhews the ring.*

Bel. Ha! the ring I gave Florinda, when we exchang'd our vows! Harkye, Blunt—— [*Goes to whiſper to him.*

Will. No whiſpering, good Colonel, there's a woman in the caſe, no whiſpering.

Bel. Harkye, fool, be advis'd, and conceal both the ring and the ſtory, for your reputation's ſake; do not let people know what deſpis'd blockheads we Engliſh are; to be cheated and abus'd by one woman, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, is an infamy to our nation.

Will. Come, come, where's the girl?——We'll ſee her, let her be what ſhe will, we'll ſee her.

Ped. Ay, ay, let us ſee her: I can ſoon diſcover whether ſhe be of quality, or for your diverſion.

Blunt. She's in Frederick's cuſtody.

Will. Come, come, the key. [Fred. *unlocks the door.*

Bel. Death! what ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

Hold! hold! let's go one at once—give me the key.

Will. Nay, hold there, Colonel; I'll go firſt.

Fred. Nay, no diſpute; Ned and I have the property of her.

Will. Damn property! Then we'll draw cuts;——

[Bel. *goes to whiſper* Will.

Nay,

Nay, no corruption, good Colonel.——Come, the longeſt ſword carries her.

[*They all draw, forgetting* Don Pedro, *being a Spaniard, had the longeſt.*]

Blunt. Gentlemen, I yield up my intereſt to you, and that will be revenge ſufficient.

Will. She's yours—— [*To* Pedro.

Plague of his Toledo! I had forgot that.

Fred. Come, Sir, I'll conduct you to the lady.

[*Exit* Fred. *and* Ped.

Bel. To hinder him, will certainly diſcover her. [*Aſide.*

Doſt know, dull beaſt, what miſchief thou haſt done?

[Will. *walking up and down out of humour.*

Will. Ay, ay——to truſt our fortune to lots! a devil on't! 'Twas madneſs, that's the truth on't.

Bel. Oh! intolerable ſot!

Enter FLORINDA *maſqued, runs to* BELVILLE; PEDRO *and* FREDERICK *after her.*

Flor. Good heav'n defend me from diſcovery. [*Aſide.*

Ped. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you're fallen to my lot.

Will. What a plague, is not this my woman, the ſame I followed but now?—But, Sir—perhaps the lady will not be impos'd upon; ſhe'll chuſe her man.

Ped. I'm better bred than not to leave her choice free.

Enter VALERIA, *and is ſurpriſed at ſight of* DON PEDRO.

Val. Don Pedro here! there's no avoiding him. [*Aſide.*

Oh! have I found you, Sir, [*To* Pedro, *running to him.*

—the ſtrangeſt accident—if I had breath—to tell it.

Ped. Speak—Is Florinda ſafe? Helena well?

Val. Oh, Sir! Florinda's fled away in the habit—of one of her pages, Sir,—but Callis thinks you may retrieve her yet, if you make haſte away.

Ped. Diſhonourable girl! ſhe has undone my aim.—— Sir, you ſee my neceſſity of leaving you, and hope you'll pardon it; my ſiſter, I know, will make her flight to you; and if ſhe do, I ſhall expect ſhe ſhould be render'd back.

Bel. I ſhall conſult my love and honour, Sir. [*Ex.* Ped.

Flor. My dear preſerver, let me embrace thee. [*To* Val.

Will. What the devil's all this?

Blunt. Myſtery, by this light!

Val. Come, come, make haſte, and get yourſelves married quickly; for your brother will return again.

Bel. I'm ſo ſurpriz'd with fears and joys—ſo amaz'd to find you here in ſafety—I can ſcarce perſuade my heart into a faith of what I ſee.

Will. Harkye, Colonel, is this that miſtreſs who has coſt you ſo many ſighs, and me ſo many quarrels with you?

Bel. It is————Pray give him the honour of your hand. [*To* Flor.

Will. Thus it muſt be received, then;

[*Kneels, and kiſſes her hand.*

And with it give your pardon too.

Flor. The friend to Belville may command me any thing.

Bel. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Bel. Run and fetch a prieſt inſtantly. [*Exit* Boy.

Fred. So! Now do I ſtand like a dog, and have not a ſyllable to plead my own cauſe with. By this hand, madam, I was never thoroughly confounded before; nor ſhall I ever more dare to look up with confidence, till you are pleas'd to pardon me.

Flor. Sir, I'll be reconcil'd to you on one condition; that you'll follow the example of your friend in marrying a maid, that does not hate you; and whoſe fortune, I believe, will not be unwelcome to you.

Fred. Madam, had I no inclinations that way, I ſhould obey your kind commands.

Val. I ſhould be loth to break my word with you; which was, that if your friend and mine agreed, it ſhould be a match between you and me. [*She gives him her hand.*

Fred. Bear witneſs, Colonel, 'tis a bargain. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Blunt. I have a pardon to beg too, but 'ſheartlikins, I am ſo out of countenance, that I'm a dog if I can ſay any thing to purpoſe—Belville, prithee, preſent her her ring again; for I find I have not courage to do it myſelf,

[*Gives him the ring, he gives it to* Flor.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir, the prieſt is within.

Bel. 'Tis well; and now, my dear Florinda, let's fly to compleat

compleat that joy we have ſo long wiſhed and ſighed for. Come, Fred.——You'll follow?

Fred. Your example, Sir; 'twas ever my ambition in war, and muſt be ſo in love.

Will. And muſt I not ſee this juggling knot ty'd?

Bel. No, thou ſhalt do us better ſervice, and be our guard, leſt Don Pedro's ſudden return interrupt the ceremony.

Will. Content—I'll ſecure this paſs. [*Ex.* Bel. Flor. Fred. Val.

Boy. Sir, there's a lady without, would ſpeak to you. [*To* Will.

Will. Conduct her in; I dare not quit my poſt.

Boy. (*To Blunt*) And, Sir, your taylor waits you in your chamber. [*Exit.*

Blunt. Some comfort yet; I ſhall not dance naked at the wedding. [*Exit.*

Will. This can be none but my pretty gipſy.—My life! my ſoul!

Enter ANGELICA.

Ang. Stand off, baſe villain—— [*She draws a piſtol.*

Will. What the devil canſt thou mean?

Ang. By all my hopes, to kill thee——

[*Holds the piſtol to his breaſt, he going round, ſhe following ſtill.*]

Does not thy guilty blood run ſhivering through thy veins?
Haſt thou no horror at this ſight, that tells thee,
Thou haſt not long to boaſt thy ſhameful conqueſt?

Will. Faith, no, child, my blood keeps its old ebbs, and flows ſtill.

Ang. Devil! doſt wanton with my pain—have at thy heart.

Will. Hold, dear Pentheſilea, hold thy hand a little.
I am not now at leiſure to be kill'd—hold and hear me——

Ang. What have you, Sir, to ſay?—But ſhould I hear thee,
Thou'd'ſt take away all that is brave about me.
And I have vow'd thy death. [fellow,

Will. Why, then, there's an end of a proper handſome
That might have liv'd to have done good ſervice yet;——
That's all I can ſay to't.

Ang. Yet—I wou'd give thee—time for—penitence. [*Pauſingly.*

Will. Faith, child, I have ever ta'en

Care to lead a ſober innocent life; and am of a perſuaſion,
That teaches me to believe, I ſhall depart in peace.

Ang. Tell me,
How many poor believing fools thou haſt undone?
How many hearts thou haſt betray'd to ruin?

Will. Upon my ſoul, if I was to die for it, I could not recollect half of them—aſk any thing in reaſon, and I'll ſatisfy you.

Ang. Yet, theſe are little miſchiefs to the ills
Thou'ſt taught mine to commit: thou'ſt taught it love:
——Love, that has robb'd it of its unconcern,
Of all that pride that taught me how to value it.
—Thou, perjur'd man, didſt this; and with thy oaths,
Which on thy knees thou didſt devoutly make,
Soften'd my yielding heart—and then, I was a ſlave—
—Yet, ſtill had been content to've worn my chains,
Worn 'em with vanity and joy for ever,
Hadſt thou not broken thoſe vows that put them on.

Will. Broke my vows! why, where haſt thou liv'd?
Amongſt the gods? I never heard of mortal man,
That has not broke a thouſand.
I wiſh I were that dull, that conſtant thing,
Which thou would'ſt have, but nature never meant me:
I muſt, like chearful birds, ſing in all groves,
And perch on every bough,
Billing the next kind ſhe that flies to meet me.
Yet, after all, could build my neſt with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And ſtill reſerve a tributary flame.

Ang. Oh! that thou were in earneſt!
So mean a thought of me,
Wou'd turn my rage to ſcorn, and I ſhou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which, for the public ſafety of our ſex,
And my own private injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare—— [*Follows him ſtill as before.*
—I will no more be tempted with replies.

Will. Sure——egad, I believe ſhe's in earneſt!——

Ang. I've heard thee talk too long.

[*She follows him with the piſtol ready to ſhoot; he retires ſtill amazed. Enter* Don Antonio, *and lays hold on the piſtol.*]

Ant.

Ant. Ha! Angelica!

Ang. Antonio! what devil brought thee hither?

Ant. Let me diſarm you of this unbecoming inſtrument of death; [*takes away the piſtol*] amongſt the number of your ſlaves, was there not one, worthy the honour to have fought your quarrel?

——Who are you, Sir, that are ſo very wretched,
To merit death from her?

Will. One, Sir, that could have made a better end of an amorous quarrel without you, than with you.

Ant. Sure 'tis ſome rival—hah—the very man took down her picture yeſterday——the very ſame that ſet on me laſt night—bleſt opportunity—die! [*Offers to ſhoot him.*

Ang. Hold, you're miſtaken, Sir.

Ant. By heaven, the very ſame!
——Sir, what pretenſions have you to this lady?

Will. Sir, I do not uſe to be examin'd, and am ill at all diſputes but this—— [*Draws*—Ant. *offers to ſhoot.*

Ang. Oh, hold! you ſee he's arm'd with certain death; [*To* Will.
—And you, Antonio, I command you hold,
By all the paſſion you've ſo lately vow'd me.

Enter DON PEDRO, *ſees* ANTONIO, *and ſtays.*

Ped. Hah, Antonio! and Angelica! [*Aſide.*

Ant. When I refuſe obedience to your will,
May you deſtroy me with your mortal hate.
By all that's holy, I adore you ſo,
That e'en my rival, who has charms enough
To make him fall a victim to my jealouſy,
Shall live.

Ped. What's this I hear?

Ang. Ha, thus! 'twas thus! he talk'd, and I believ'd. [*Pointing to* Will.
—Antonio, yeſterday,
I'd not have ſold my intereſt in his heart,
For all the ſword has won and loſt in battle.
—But, now to ſhew my utmoſt of contempt,
I give thee life—which, if thou wou'dſt preſerve,
Live where my eyes may never ſee thee more;
Live to undo ſome one, whoſe ſoul may prove,

So bravely conſtant to revenge my love.

[*Exit*—Ant. *follows, but* Ped. *pulls him back.*

Ped. Antonio—ſtay.

Ant. Don Pedro.

Ped. What coward fear was that prevented thee
From meeting me this morning on the Molo?

Ant. Meet thee!

Ped. Yes, me; I was the man that dar'd thee to't.

Ant. Haſt thou ſo often ſeen me fight in war,
To find no better cauſe to excuſe my abſence?
—I ſent my ſword, and one to do thee right,
Finding myſelf incapable to uſe a ſword.

Ped. But, 'twas Florinda's quarrel that we fought;
And you, to ſhew how little you eſteem'd her,
Sent me your rival, giving him your intereſt.
—But I have found the cauſe of this affront;
And when I meet you fit for the diſpute,
—I'll tell you my reſentment.

Ant. I ſhall be ready, Sir, ere long, to do you reaſon.

[*Ex.* Ant.

Ped. If I could find Florinda, now, whilſt my anger's high,
I think I ſhou'd be kind, and give her to Belville, in revenge.

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not what you would do; but, I believe, the prieſt within has been ſo kind already.

Ped. How! my ſiſter married to Belville!
Dares he do this? does he not fear my power?

Will. Faith, not at all; if you will go in, and thank him for the favour he has done your ſiſter—ſo:—if not, Sir, my power's greater in this houſe, than yours; I have a damn'd ſurly crew here, that will keep you till the next tide, and then clap you on board for prize; my ſhip lies but a league off the Molo; and we ſhall ſhew your donſhip a damn'd Tramontana love's trick, we ſhall.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. This rogue's in ſome new miſchief—hah, Pedro return'd!

Ped. Colonel Belville, I hear you have married my ſiſter!

Bel. You have heard truth then, Sir.

Ped. You perhaps expected I ſhould be diſpleas'd with this proceeding. I know your worth, Colonel; and I have

ſo

ſo much reaſon to diſlike the man my father choſe for her, and to deſpiſe the man I choſe for her myſelf, that I aſſure you, even were you not married, I ſhould not be unwilling to give her to you.

Bel. Are you in earneſt?

Ped. By my obligations to thee, I am;
This change, I'll give you reaſon for anon.
Come, lead me to my ſiſter,
That ſhe may know, I now approve her choice.

[*Exit* Bel. *and* Ped.

WILLMORE *is following them. Enter* HELENA, *as before, in boy's clothes.*

Hel. Tack about, tack about, Neptune—whither bound?

Will. Into the harbour of thy arms, my fair Amphitrite—Now, a thouſand bleſſings on thee for this kindneſs; egad, child, I was e'en in deſpair of ever ſeeing thee again; my friends are all provided for within, each his kind woman.

Hel. Hah! I thought they had ſerved me ſome ſuch trick!

Will. And I was e'en reſolv'd to go aboard, and condemn myſelf to my lone cabin, and thoughts of thee.

Hel. And cou'd you have left me behind; wou'd you have been ſo ill natur'd?

Will. Why, 'twould have broke my heart, child—but ſince we are met again, I defy foul weather to part us. Therefore, dear creature, ſince we are ſo well agreed, let's loſe no time, but run away to my lodgings?—Come—I love to ſteal a bird and a bottle with a friend, and hate long graces—come, come—

Hel. 'Tis but getting my conſent, and the buſ'neſs is ſoon done; let but Hymen and his prieſt ſay amen to't—and you may take me as ſoon as you will, my good Captain Love-in-a-hurry.

Will. Hold, hold, no bugg words, child; prieſt and Hymen! prithee, add hang-man to make up the concert,—— no, no, we'll have no vows but love, child, nor witneſs but the lovers: Hymen and prieſt wait ſtill upon portion and jointure; love and beauty have their own ceremonies. Marriage is as certain a bane to love, as lending money is to friendſhip: I'll neither aſk nor give a vow—though I could be content to turn gipſy, and become a left-handed bride-

groom,

groom, to have the pleaſure of working that great miracle of making a maid a mother, if you durſt venture; 'tis upſy gipſy that, and, if I miſs, I loſe my labour.

Hel. And if you do not loſe, what ſhall I get? A cradle full of noiſe and miſchief, with a pack of ſhame and repentance at my back! 'Tis upſy gipſy that, and I loſe my labour.

Will. Well, I have tried you too far, and aſk pardon for my ſeeming rudeneſs—I ſee there's no way to conquer good-nature, but by yielding—One kiſs, and I'm thine.

Hel. One kiſs! How like my page he ſpeaks. I am reſolved you ſhall have none, for aſking ſuch a ſneaking ſum. He that will be ſatisfied with one kiſs, will never die of that longing. Good friend Single-Kiſs, is all your talking come to this?—A kiſs, a caudle! Farewel, Captain—Single-Kiſs! *Going out, he ſtops her.*

Will. Nay, by Heaven, both the Indies ſhall not buy thee from me. I adore thy humour, and will marry thee: and we are ſo of one humour, it muſt be a bargain——Give me thy hand. *(Kiſſes her hand.)* And now let the blind ones Love and Fortune, do their worſt.

Hel. Why, Gad-a-mercy, Captain!

Will. But hark'ye—the bargain is now made; but is it not fit we ſhould know each other's names? that when we have reaſon to curſe one another hereafter, and people aſk me who 'tis I give to the Devil, I may at leaſt be able to tell what family you came of.

Hel. Good reaſon, Captain: and where I have cauſe, as I doubt not but I ſhall have, that I may know at whom to throw my—bleſſings, I beſeech ye your name.

Will. I am called Robert the Conſtant.

Hel. A very fine name. Pray, was it your falconer or butler that chriſten'd you? Do they not uſe to whiſtle when they call you.

Will. I hope you have a better, that a man may name without croſſing himſelf, you are ſo merry with mine.

Hel. I am called Helena the inconſtant.

Enter PEDRO, BELVILLE, FLORINDA, FREDERICK, VALERIA.

Ped. Ha! Helena!

Flor. Helena! *Hel.*

Hel. The very ſame——Ha! my brother!——Now, Captain, ſhew your love and courage; ſtand to your arms, and defend me bravely, or I am loſt for ever.

Ped. What's this I hear! Falſe girl, how came you hither, and what's your buſineſs? Speak.

Will. Hold off, Sir; you have leave to parly only.

Hel. I had e'en as good tell it, as you gueſs it. Faith, brother, my buſineſs is the ſame with all living creatures of my age—to love, and be beloved—and here's the man.

Ped. Perfidious maid! Haſt thou deceived me too, deceived thyſelf, and heaven?

Hel. 'Tis time enough to make my peace with that. Be you but kind, let me alone with heaven.

Ped. Belville, I did not expect this falſe play from you. Was't not enough you gain'd Florinda, which I pardoned, but your libertine friends too muſt be enriched with the ſpoils of a noble family.

Hel. Faith, Sir, I am as much ſurpriſed at this as you can be: yet, Sir, my friend's a gentleman, and ought to be eſteemed for his profeſſion. His bravery has been often proved in bloody battles for his country's rights; he has the honour to ſerve the beſt of men and kings; and, though a private man, yet every captain in the Britiſh navy is himſelf a king aboard his little wooden world.

Ped. What's this to the maintenance of a woman of her birth and fortune?

Will. Faith, Sir, I can boaſt of nothing but a ſword, which does me right where'er I come, and has defended a worſe cauſe than a woman's; and ſince I really loved her, before I either knew her birth or fortune, I muſt purſue my reſolution ſtill, and marry her.

Ped. And is all your holy intent of becoming a nun changed to this at laſt?

Hel. Why I have conſidered the matter, brother, and find the two hundred thouſand crowns my uncle left me will be better laid out on love than a nunnery, and turn to as good an account—Let moſt voices carry it—for the nunnery, or the Captain? [*All cry*, A Captain! a Captain!

Hel. There, there;—they are all for the Captain.

Ped. Come—there's one motive induces me—take her—I ſhall now be free from fears of her honour; guard it you now, if you can—I have been a ſlave to't long enough.

Will.

Will. Sir, I am of a nation that are of opinion a woman's honour is not worth guarding, when ſhe has a mind to part with it.

Hel. Well ſaid, Captain.

Ped. This was your plot, miſtreſs; but I hope you have married one that will revenge my quarrel to you. [*To* Val.

Val. There's no altering deſtiny, Sir,

Ped. Sooner than a woman's will; therefore I forgive you all, and wiſh you may get my father's pardon as eaſily. Who comes here?

Enter BLUNT, *dreſſed in a Spaniſh habit, looking very ridiculouſly; followed by a Taylor.*

Tayl. 'Tis very well, Sir——

Blunt. Well, Sir! 'dſheartlikins, I tell you 'tis damnable ill, Sir——A Spaniſh habit!—Could the devil and my taylor deviſe no other puniſhment for me, but the mode of a nation I abominate? [*Exit Taylor.*

Bel. What's the matter, Ned?

Blunt. Pray view me round, and judge. [*Turns round.*

Bel. I muſt confeſs thou art a kind of an odd figure.

Blunt. In a Spaniſh habit with a vengeance! A pillory were an eaſy collar to this. In fine, Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a bag of baize ſtuffed full of fool's fleſh.

Hel. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look *en cavalier*:—Come, Sir, ſettle your face, and ſalute our friend's Lady.

Blunt. Ha!—ſay'ſt thou ſo? (*To* Hel.) Lady——(if you be one), give me leave to kiſs your hand, and tell you, adſheartlikins, for all I look ſo, I am your humble ſervant.——A plague of this Spaniſh habit!

Will. Come, we'll to the good man within, who waits to give us a caſt of his office. Don't you tremble at the thought of giving yourſelf to a fellow of ſo wild a character?

Hel. No more than you do in a battle or a ſtorm.

Will. Thou'rt a brave girl!—I admire thy love and courage, and will give thee as little cauſe as I can to repent 'em.

Henceforth no other pleaſures can I know,
Than thoſe of fond fidelity to you;
Your pow'r my captive heart in chains ſhall bind,
Sweet as the graces of your face and mind:—
Bleſt in my friends, and doubly bleſt in love,
My joy's complete indeed—if you approve. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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